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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Pro-Slavery.

"We copy," says the National Era, "from that excellent periodical, the Charleston Gospel Messenger, the following interesting letter from Rev. A. Glennie, of this State, to the Bishop of Oxford, who is a son of the celebrated Mr. Wilberforce." The "excellence" of a *Gospel Messenger* published in a slave State, may be measured by the letter defending Slavery, by the example of Jesus; nor do we deny that the letter is "interesting," though in what sense the Era uses the term, seems doubtful. The word is a convenient one, however, in this connection, and will suit both sides of Mason & Dixon's line. The Southerner will understand that the editor of the Era is still open to conviction on the question of the righteousness of Slavery.

ALL SAINTS PARISH, WACCAMAW, S. C.
August 5, 1846.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Oxford:

MY LORD: Although a stranger to you, I take the liberty of addressing you with regard to certain statements in the last chapter of your History of the American Church. I obtained the volume at the end of last year, and read it with much pleasure, until I came to the last chapter, when I felt mortified and grieved; for there are many misstatements in it, with regard to the condition of the coloured race, which could not have been the case, if you had examined the printed journals of the Diocesan Conventions of the Church.

My object in this communication is, briefly to show that the Church in America, and especially in the Southern States, is discharging her duty to all men, to the slave as well as the free. Bishop Ives, in his last address to the Convention of the Diocese of North Carolina, writes in one place as follows:

"From this place I went, by the request of my friend, Josiah Collins, Esq. directly to the estates on Lake Scuppernong, which had been without stated ministerial services for the greater part of the year. Here, and in the neighbouring parish at Pettigrew's Chapel, I passed the remaining part of the season of Lent, holding daily services, delivering lectures, and commencing a new course of oral catechetical instruction to the servants. This course is to embrace the prominent events and truths of the Old and New Testaments, as connected with man's fall and redemption, and is designed to follow the oral catechism I have already published. The services here were of the most gratifying and encouraging character, fully justifying all that has been said and anticipated of the system of religious training hitherto pursued on these plantations.—When I saw master and servant standing side by side in the holy servcie of Passion week; when I saw all secular labour on these plantations suspended on Good Friday, and the cleanly clad multitude thronging the house of prayer, to pay their homage to a crucified Saviour; and when I saw, on the blessed Easter morn, the master with his goodly company of servants kneeling with reverent hearts and devout thanksgivings, to take the bread of life at the same altar, I could not but indulge the hope that ere long my spirit may be refreshed by such scenes in every part of my diocese, while I could not help believing that, had some of our brethren of other lands been present, they would have been induced to change the note of their wailing over imaginary sufferings into the heartfelt exclamation, 'Happy are the people that are in such a case; yes, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God.' Often, at such times, have I wished for the presence of my friend, the good Bishop of Oxford, as I have felt assured, that, could he but once witness what it is my happiness to witness, though in a too imperfect state, his manly heart would prompt him to ask instant pardon of the American church, for his having spoken so harshly upon a subject which he so imperfectly understood; and that he would perceive his Christian sympathy might find a much more natural vent in efforts to remove the cruel oppressions of the factory system in his own country, and his Christian indignation a much more legitimate object of rebuke in the English Churchmen who have helped to rivet that system upon their land."

I have just received a most interesting document—the Tenth Annual Report of the Association for the Religious Instruction of the Negroes in Liberty County, Georgia, (Presbyterian.) After relating the doings of the Association during the past year, the report gives an abstract of the efforts at present made, by the several denominations of Christians, in the great work of preaching the Gospel to the coloured race. It speaks first of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and, that I may not make my letter too long, I will extract only the following, concerning the State of my adoption—the State to which the providence of God brought me, eighteen years ago, from the beloved shores of England. The report says:

"The Journal of the Convention of the Diocese of South Carolina (1845) furnishes evidence that this Diocese continues to set an example to all others in the Southern States, in its faithful attention to the coloured field. We have thirty-one parochial reports, and in every one there is special mention made of the negroes; one evening in the week, or some part of the Lord's day, being devoted to them by a number of rectors. Nine rectors preach on the plantations in connection with their white charges; twenty-two have coloured Sabbath schools and classes of instruction; several catechists labour in conjunction with rectors, who are in part or wholly supported by a society of laymen, formed for this special purpose of employing catechists and missionaries for the coloured people of the State, wherever they may be needed, under the approval of the Bishop and the rectors in whose parishes they may be located. Ten missionaries are employed in this diocese, who labour in part or altogether for the negroes. From the parochial reports, there are 1,636 coloured communicants, 930 coloured children catechised by rectors, and 1,454 in the coloured Sabbath schools. More than one-half the communicants are coloured; and the coloured Sabbath scholars exceed the white by 450."

In this parish I have baptized more than one thousand negroes in the last ten years. My report to the last Diocesan Convention, for the year 1845, contained the following: Baptisms—two white children, thirty-four coloured adults, seventy-four children. Marriages—one white, thirty-four coloured. Burials—three white, four coloured. Communicants; forty-two white, one hundred and forty-seven coloured. Divine service on plantations for the negroes, one hundred and sixty times. Confirmed by the Bishop, fifty negroes. Coloured children catechised one hundred and twenty-six times; number, three hundred and twenty. In our parish church there are frequently two hundred negroes present. On two plantations, very neat chapels have been built, in conspicuous places, the sign of the cross on each, declaring to the passer-by the sacred object for which it has been erected. Other planters intend following this good example.

I am anxious that you should be in possession of these facts, (and how many more might be added,) that you may understand that the American Church is discharging her duty, by preaching to all men, rich and poor, white and coloured, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ; that, in the Southern States, she teaches masters and slaves their respective duties in that state of life which God has called them; that, whilst unfolding to both the unsearchable riches of Christ, she reminds the former that they have a Master in Heaven, that the Great Judge is no respecter of persons; the latter, St. Paul's and St. Peter's directions—Ephesians, vi. 5, &c.; Colossians, iii. 22, &c.; 1 Peter, ii. 18, &c.; and if so, did she deserve the rebuke contained in your last chapter?

It may seem strange to you to find an Englishman engaged as I am; the more so, when I mention that I am a graduate of Cambridge, (Trinity College); that I have listened with delight to your venerated father, at the Annual Meeting of the African Institution; and that I had the privilege of knowing his charming powers of conversation, whilst I was preparing for college, under my eldest brother, at Sandgate, in Kent. But, when we find that our Saviour healed the centurion's slave without rebuking the master; when we read—1 Cor. vii. 20, 21—"Let every one abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called, being a servant? Care not for it; but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather;" 1 Cor. xii. 13—"By one spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free;" Galatians, iii. 28—"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus," &c. When we read these, and the directions above referred to, teaching Christian slaves how to discharge their duty to their earthly masters, it ought not to be a matter of surprise that some Christians, and some Christian ministers, cannot regard Slavery as found in these Southern States, in the light of a sinful institution; nor should it be a matter of surprise, that the Church of Christ here has not, in His name, "rebuked this unclean spirit."

With regard to myself, I believe I am engaged in a righteous work, in the only work in which my God will require at my hands; that, after the example of my Saviour, I am preaching the Gospel to the poor; and that I may say, with the Apostle of the Gentiles, "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing?" "And are not even these," (many negro slaves, whom it has been my privilege to receive into the Church,) "in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming?"

Trusting that you will excuse the liberty thus taken by a Presbyter of South Carolina, in addressing one of the spiritual Fathers of that beloved Church into which he was in infancy baptized, and that you will believe that he is anxious only for the truth; praying also that the Lord God may send into all our hearts the light of his Holy Spirit granting us, by the same spirit, to have a right judgment in all things.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's humble servant,
ALEXANDER GLENNIE.

From the People's (St. Louis) Organ,

SLAVE CASE.

The Republican and Reveille of yesterday, contain some very severe strictures upon the course of a certain clergyman (why don't you give us his name, gentlemen?) in regard to the liberation of a slave that had been imprisoned in our jail for larceny. The Republican gives the following particulars of the case —"Some weeks ago, a negro by the name of Samuel Brown, was arrested in this city on the charge of larceny, with every probability of his being sent to the Penitentiary. He then claimed to be free, but some adroit lawyer suggested to him to plead the truth—which was, that he was a slave, and that he was owned in Alabama, from which State he had run off. *Conviction under these circumstances, reduced the penalty to a few stripes and confinement in the County jail.* The negro was committed on this confession; the master was written to, and a day fixed, by the Sheriff, for his sale, as a runaway slave, should he not be claimed within the period fixed by law.

He had not been long in jail, however, before another expedient was suggested, to get out of the new difficulty and free from the clutches of the Sheriff. It was insisted now, that he was a free negro, that this fact could be established by a clergyman then in this city. A writ of habeas corpus was obtained, the runaway negro was taken before Justice Higgings, of the County Court, the clergyman examined, and on his testimony the negro was discharged from all the restraints of the law. He, of course is not here now.

Now for the sequel. Yesterday, Sheriff Conway received a letter from a gentleman in Mobile, who is an acting Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, in which he states that the negro in question is the property of Mrs. Slade, recently of that city, but now of Cincinnati; that she is in straightened circumstances; that evidence to sustain the right of property in the slave will be immediately produced, and asking the Sheriff to delay the sale as long as possible. As already stated, the slave is out of the possession of the Sheriff, and is beyond the reach of recovery.

From the New-York Express.

ENGLISH NEGROPHOLISM.

The mother-country, of late years, has signalized itself particularly in the great delight it has taken to avail itself of every opportunity to foster, and feed, and flatter, runaway American negroes. It has long been a standing joke, among the witty and satirical writers of England, their own countrymen's fondness for lions, and lionizing,—a taste that has formed the theme of much deserved ridicule, and that has furnished a point to no little humour. Persians, with long beards,—Turks, with long pipes,—Chinese, with long tails, and North American Indians, with *not very long* blankets, are constantly succeeding one another in the *salons*, or at the tables of the *haut ton*,—one monster lion yielding place to the other, and, in time, receiving the delicate attentions of the fair, the services of the powerful, and the admiration of all.

But throughout all this, Britannia is a little fickle in her fashions, and, having run through the lionizing process, from shade to shade, from the delicate Chinese olive, down through the darker-hued Asiatic, and Turkish, and Moorish, and copper coloured Indian, she has lately discovered, in the indulgence of her singular taste, that in this matter of complexion,—"in this deepest deep, a deeper still" of hue. Nothing goes down, now, with her, so well as the genuine black. The metropolis literally swarms with the race. All the public places are as vocal with them as a growing cornfield with crows, or a patch of barley with blackbirds. "Ethiopians of every shade are so greatly in vogue, that the whites,—men, and women, too!—are colouring their faces and hands, and going about London, imitating their sable visitors; who, however, being the gennine thing, are bringing off their pockets full of money, the proof of John Bull's enlarged negrophoism.

The effect that this Anglican passion for blacks is having upon us at home, is getting to be somewhat alarming. Our plantations are in danger of utter depopulation, such is the demand for the "article" of Ethiopian lions in the London market. The fact of their having run away, materially advances the value of the importation, and if there has been a murder, or other little enormity attending the *escapade*, the popularity of the perpetrator is sure to rise in proportion. Exeter Hall is forthwith thrown open, for the holding forth of the new Apostle of Liberty. London Tavern smokes and reeks with feasts in honour of the "man and the brother," at which the "model republic" is roundly denounced, and British love of liberty is proportionably exalted. All his movements are chronicled, all his sayings reported, his profile is done in mezzotint, and circulated, the old ladies invite him to their tea drinkings, and the young ones exclaim, "what a dear!" Such was the excitement, (not a whit exaggerated,) created by the arrival of Fred Douglass in the British metropolis, and such, judging from the following extract, which we make from an Edinburgh paper, is likely to continue (till the "fashion" fades out) to be the case, at every new importation of blacks from this to the mother-country:

"The Rev. Mr. Clarke, minister of a congregation in Washington, *most of whom are slaves*, and the Rev. Mr. Gloncester, from Philadelphia, *both coloured men*, preached at Edinburgh, last Sunday. They have both been preaching for the Methodists and Independents, at Birmingham and elsewhere."

In one of Hogarth's admirable pictures, in the series of "Marriage, a la mode," the fashionable lady of the establishment is depicted, attended by a negro page, at that time, doubtless, quite a rarity in London; while her Lord is reclining in the immediate neighbourhood of "such a love" of a monkey! What a subject for a new Hogarth, (if one would but arise,) would be furnished by the loiterings and lingerings of runaway negroes from the plantations, amidst the fascinating blandishments of the English aristocracy.

But perhaps, after all, we may take all these demonstrations of fondness for the blacks of this country, on the part of the English community, as intimations of a consciousness of their deep indebtedness towards the race. For, as it was England who first planted Slavery here, when we were her colonies,—where, in order to add to her revenue, she systematically laid the foundation of, and reared up, the enormous evil which she has bequeathed to us,—so it is fit and proper, and highly creditable to her, that she should now do all in her power to make the visits of these luckless victims of her policy as pleasant and agreeable as possible, whenever they see fit to lay claim to her hospitality!

Selections.

Correspondence of the True Wesleyan.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The usual enlivening discussion occupied this body three days and nights. Everybody and every thing obnoxious to every anti-slavery wrath, had the vials of bottled thunder poured upon them with a vengeance. But thanks to a good conscience, Wesleyan preachers could hear all calmly, and as the flames kindled around them without a hair being singed, or the smell of fire on their garments.

We looked with some interest for our seceding brother Walker, of Ohio, who was announced as one of the speakers. But he came not. If he had, we would have proffered him kindly a specimen of Eastern hospitality and logic to boot.

Wendell Phillips, the "patrician" of the Anti-Slavery movement, according to Garrison, entertained the audience with his great ability as a speaker much of the time. He begins to conceive that a more radical organization than the ultra Anti-Slavery society even, is called for—or in his own words, "It would perhaps be better to resolve ourselves into a Society to propagate the Gospel of Christ, and landing on their shores, labor to convert the heathen of the Church and State to Christianity, true Christanity, whose rising sun has not yet gilded the tops of the Alleghanies, nor fringed with light the Eastern waves of the Atlantic. Tell me not of the Christianity of America, where the Presidents of Seminaries and the Doctors of Divinity are even yet discussing the unsettled question—Would Jesus Christ hold slaves? Or which is duty, to obey God or man? The Christianity of the Bible knows no such questions."

Let those who fear stand from under. This was a thunderbolt, hurled with the omnipotence of truth, at the whited sepulchres of this wicked generation. To the discredit of Boston, mob-violence was shown at this Convention, as in several temperance meetings in the Faneuil Hall some time previous. It is now [illegible]

From the Correspondence of the Christian Contributor.

All is hum and bustle in the city. Every street seems to be crowded, and most, if not all of the "Anniversaries" are well attended. Curiosity, or some other motive, I hardly know what, induced me to attend the Garrisonian Anti-Slavery meeting this morning. Mr. Jackson was in the chair, and a *Miss*—Somebody for Secretary. The speakers were J. C. Hathaway, and W. W. Brown, from New-York State, W. L. Garrison, Eld. Grew, of Philadelphia, and several others. Douglass is in the city, but has not yet been out, and it is doubtful whether he will be at all, on account of indisposition. Wendell Phillips spoke some two hours this P. M. but I did not hear him.

In some respects, I was disappointed in this meeting. There was more reverence manifested for the Bible than might have been supposed from some representations which have been made. Every speaker, I believe, referred to it, only, as a source of appeal. Their views of Government, or rather no-Government, were different also from certain representations. They all plead for a Government after a sort, yet such as they themselves allowed to be at present, at least, an ideal speculation. It is possible that their fancy is becoming a little wearied, and they are returning to the haunts of common men, so that they can advocate such a Government as would be feasible, if all men were what they ought to be. Yet, is not the necessity of civil Government founded *entirely* upon the fact that men are not what they ought to be? In other words, if all men were just what they ought to be, would there be occasion for any civil Government whatever?

Garrison spoke with his usual straight-forward, out-spoken independence. Daniel Webster and the American Alliance came in for a good share of withering satire and biting sarcasm. Much of it was peculiarly apposite. Most of the speakers, indeed, seemed to be remarkably skillful in the use and arrangement of the various sarcastic epithets of language.

Captain Walker was present with his branded hand, which has, since it was stamped, guided the pen in inditing several works against Slavery. May it not be that, in the end, the S. S. may stand for *Strages Servitii*, (Overthrow of Slavery,) and that our Southern slave-dealers were more classical than they have ever had the reputation of being.

Several fugitives from Slavery were present, and among them one, who had but just escaped from the minions of the patriarchal institution. Wonder when he will be "*glad*" to return to the rice-swamp and the lash?

From the Liberty Press.

THE LIBERTY LEAGUE.

The new party assembled at Macedon last week, has adopted "Liberty League" as their party title, nominated its candidates, and is soon to send forth its address. Well, we had supposed the primary object of the "Liberty League" to be, to get up a new party by a secession from the Liberty party; and the result has in nowise disappointed us.

A correspondent gives us a few items of the doings of the Macedon Lock Convention, some of which surprise us, as they will our readers in general. We are not surprised that the "League" made the denunciation of the Liberty party the main subject of its labour, for that we expected.

But we are surprised that "Wm. Goodell should go so far as to say the leading men of the Liberty party were in favour of never making another nomination, and but for this move of theirs, the Liberty party would die without any further effort!" This is strange, indeed, and shows how far the imagination may pervert the understanding.

We are surprised, furthermore, that a party so rigidly sectarian, should *go out of its league of brotherhood to get candidates for office!* This looks like a desire to trade on other people's capital, and secure strength to their organization by the use of popular names, without any authority. We are authorized to say, from correspondence with Gerrit Smith,—which has taken place within the last three weeks, that in regard to *test questions* in the Liberty party, he is precisely where he has always been; regarding *soundness on the Anti-Slavery question as the test*, and *only test*. We are also assured by him that the call for the Macedon Lock Convention was got up without his knowledge or counsel. And as for Elihu Burritt, he has not, in all human probability, yet heard of the new party, much less given in to its organization. He is in Europe, and has been for the year past. Gerrit Smith and Elihu Burritt are both members in good standing with the Liberty party, and have given no indication of disaffection with its one ideaism, or of a determination to secede from it from any cause now in existence. GERRIT SMITH and ELIHU BURRITT! Noble men they are! No wonder the new party wished to seize on them as convenient instruments to lift itself up in the world, and give importance to their movement! But we insist that to use another's name without his consent is FORGERY!

The fact that the new party went out of the "League" to get candidates, is a fact smacking strongly of *policy*, of some sort,—whether good, bad, or indifferent to them, is a question. The "League" has been in existence now about one year. Has it no members fit for its candidates? Perhaps it has; but its men are not "*available!*"—not the best men to get votes with! *Policy*, therefore, would dictate the nomination of distinguished men without their pale! But we affirm without fear of contradiction that they have done so without any authority whatever from the worthy friends of the Liberty party, whose names they have taken the liberty to use.—We advise our friends in this State and elsewhere, that so long as the Liberty party is *true to the slave*, Gerrit Smith is with it, however it may stand in relation to minor questions on which honest men differ. Mr. Smith has neither backed out from his former position in regard to the Liberty party, or changed his views of the objects of the party in its organization. The League in taking him up as their candidate has taken a man who has declined a nomination, from time to time, for office in the Liberty party, and a man who has never given *his adhesion to their organization*, much less counselled the movement which brought it into being. True, he holds many opinions in common with them, and so do many other members of the Liberty party; but he has never consented to make those opinions *tests of fellowship* in the party; and here is where he is at odds with them on a vital question. They affirm that those opinions should be made *tests*, and he repudiates both the principle and the practice. And still the new party has the principle of *accommodation* to so large an extent, that to give importance to its debut on the stage of action, it can use another party's men for candidates, one of whom is at odds with them on a vital point, and the other travelling in Europe, and in nowise acquainted with their doings or their existence! Is not this *management?* Is this "sticking to principle?"

EMANCIPATING SLAVES BY THOUSANDS.—A number of the Democratic Pacifique received by the Cambria, contains a highly interesting letter from its correspondent at St. Petersburg, dated 13th of May from which it appears that the work of abolishing Slavery in Russia has just taken a vast step, thanks to the generosity, as noble as it was unexpected, of M. Ruminn, one of the principal proprietors of that country.

Yielding to the impulse of a noble heart, this wealthy individual has suddenly granted complete enfranchisement to eight thousand serfs of both sexes, who belonged to him in the Governments of Nijni and Riazan, and what is more admirable in his conduct is that completing his work of charity, he has abandoned to this population, restored to liberty by him, for a trifling rent, the enjoyment of the domains over which they are diffused. This double deed of charity has, moreover, been accomplished with the simplicity which still farther enhances its merits.

"On the departure of M. Ruminn from the domains which he had just so generously ceded, all the liberated serfs, with the exception of the sick, rushed in a mass to accompany him whom they lately called their master, but whom they now called their father, even beyond the territory in which his domains are situated. At the time of separation at length arrived, it was not to eight thousand persons merely that M. Ruminn had to address his thanks and adieus, but to twenty villages, who all aroused by the echo of this great deed of humanity, had come to crowd around the generous liberator.

"If we join this new fact to the efforts already made for the abolition of bondage in Russia, by the Prince Woronzoff, the Count Protasoff and M. Kologrivoff, and especially to the powerful encouragement given by the Sovereign himself, may we not at least hope shortly to see the day of liberty dawn for so many thousands of men who still furnish the odious spectacle of Slavery in the bosom of a Christian and civilized nation?"

COLOUR IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

It affords us great pleasure to copy the following editorial notice, from the Catholic Telegraph, of this city, of May 20:

FIRST COMMUNION.—A very large number of children of both sexes made their first Communion on last Sunday, at the Cathedral, the Church of St. Francis Xavier, and the chapel of the convent of "Notre Dame." In the evening they all attended Vespers at the Cathedral, where they were addressed by the Bishop. The girls were all dressed alike, wearing white veils, and amongst them, we were glad to see a coloured girl, between whom, and her white companions there was no distinction of place. She walked in their midst through the street, knelt side by side with them in church, and must have felt that she had found a home over which the prejudices of life had no power.

In this instance, the Roman Catholic Church of this city, has shown itself far in advance, in the practice of true civil and religious liberty of many of their Protestant decryers. We know not whether the same Catholicity would be acknowledged in the slave States. We are glad, however, to see it here.—*Cincinnati Herald.*

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY UPON THE PROSPERITY OF A STATE.

The Savannah Republican, lamenting the lack of enterprise in the citizens of Georgia, presents us with the following picture:

"DOMESTICS FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.—One of our merchants advertises in our paper, that he hast just received a large consignment of Boston laths, and it strikes us, and must strike others, as not a little remarkable, that a population living in the very heart of one of the best lumber regions of the United States, with thousands of fallen pine trees covering their immediate neighbourhood, should be indebted to Northern enterprise for the very laths with which their houses are constructed.

Another instance arrested our attention a short time ago. In visiting the rice plantation of a friend on the Savannah river, we observed stamped on the side of the row-boat which carried us, the name of the maker in New-York; while one of our Carolina friends, a great lecturer on agriculture, and President of agricultural societies, gets even his "pig yokes" from the North, instead of making them on his own plantation.

While such supine indolence, and such a short-sighted policy, prevail among us, the South must and will remain tributary to the superior industry and energy of the North, which profits by her neglect of her own true interests.

The resources of the South need only to be developed, to give her children wealth and comforts. Nature has done far more for us than for our Northern brethren, but they have husbanded their resources, while we have neglected and squandered ours."

Take, for example, the State of Georgia. Vast quantities of her timber is now rotting in her forests, while Northern lumber comes into our port. The finest water-power in the world, which might be converted to a thousand useful purposes, is allowed to waste itself over rocks in its channel. The shad fishery on the Savannah river is yearly made a source of large profit to a company from Maine. Our canal furnishes our city only with eels and water lilies! instead of being completed, to bring us down the lumber and the products of the Ogechee; and, in one word, we continue poor, because we will not make the effort to become rich, by developing the actual resources in our power.

Agriculture and commerce absorb most of the energies of the portion of our people who will work, while the class of "unproductive consumers" at the South is fearfully large. The professions have much to answer for in this respect. Many sturdy young fellows, who would enjoy both health and competence if following the plough, are wasting their energies and their lives in a fruitless chase after "cases," either legal, medical, or clerical, to the great loss of the community and their own.

Georgia, we are happy to see, is waking up; the former stupid idea that a gentleman was one who wore white kids, and never worked, is fast giving way to the sounder doctrine, that the working-men, (either with hand or brain,) are the true nobility of a country, and stamp its character at home and abroad. Upon the present generation rests the duty of developing the internal resources of the State—of employing her water-power in turning the busy wheels of factories; in exploring her mineral treasures—in increasing her exports of lumber—and developing all her countless resources. We called attention the other day to Mr. Artope's enterprise, near Macon, for preparing Georgia marble, and brass founderies in Augusta; in our own city, Mr. Webb's saw-mills are engaged in sawing out laths; all of which are, we trust, but the first steps towards greater improvements in our home products for domestic consumption.

From the Providence Journal.

It is a question of some solicitude what course the President will take in regard to the difficulties between Mr. Wise and the Brazilian Government. The undignified and very silly conduct of our Minister, has broken up the good feeling which has so long existed in that country towards the people of the United States, and there is reason to apprehend that serious injury not only to our commercial interests but to our peaceful relations with Brazil, may follow. As the principle has already been established that the President may declare war on his own account, and at his own pleasure, and as the regulation of the international affairs of the entire continent has become a cardinal doctrine of the Democratic party, it may be that the President will see fit to seize upon the present difficulty as a pretext for extending "the area of freedom" over Brazil, and substituting democratic institutions in the place of the monarchical form of government which exists there. Whatever he may do, of course Congress, according to the most recent interpretation of its powers and duties, will be bound to sustain, and should he see fit to send a fleet to attack Rio de Janerio, the House of Representatives would be expected to pass an act for the maintenance of the war, with a preamble declaring that hostilities had been commenced by the act of Brazil; and any one who should venture to raise a question of the justice of the war, or of the propriety of the appropriations, would be put down as a traitor. "The country is at war," would be the cry, "and no one has a right to ask how or why it came to be so; the duty of every good citizen is to assist the Government in carrying it on." There is one circumstance, however, very favourable to the hopes of the friends of peace. The blessed institution of Slavery, the corner-stone of republican institutions, as Mr. Calhoun regards it, already exists in Brazil, and our Democratic President will feel a natural unwillingness to break the peace with any country which has made such progress towards political perfection. There is much less for the spirit of propagandism to accomplish in Brazil than in Mexico.

TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.— Rev. Harvey F. Leavitt, from the General Convention of Vermont, in concluding his statement before the Presbyterian Assembly at Richmond respecting the state of religion in Vermont, briefly referred to the question of Slavery, and the sentiments with regard to it of the religious community he represented. He said that as men, and as Christians, they were generally Anti-Slavery in their opinions—they had always been, and must continue so; because it could not be otherwise. In the very air from their mountains, they [illegible] *have as little sympathy as you, Sir*, (addressing himself to Dr. Thornwell, who comes from Charleston, S. C.) *can have with the ultra Abolitionists, who are found at the North. We all repudiate the violent spirit they indulge. Nor do we claim*, said Mr. L. *to interfere with State institutions, or to disturb the rights of our brethren of the South in any respect.* All that we claim is that we may, in an Ecclesiastical and Christian sense, speak of Slavery mutually among ourselves; and if we speak wrong, we ask all our brethren to remind us of it, and pledge ourselves in the spirit of brethren to correct ourselves. We are all, said he, engaged in a common cause—all travelling the same road in the same hope of eternal happiness in heaven—and we must not fall out by the way. God forbid that we should!—*Tribune.*

From the [London] Peace Advocate.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S MEXICAN LAURELS.

The Mexican war proceeds at that rapid rate which usually marks a contest between the weak and the strong. About two-thirds of Mexico had been, some time since, over-run by the American forces: and recent dispatches exultingly announce "an avalanche of victories!" the most important of which is the capture of Vera Cruz, and the neighbouring castle of San Juan de Ulloa. Many are the flourishes which the American papers make over these triumphs; but alas! how vain!

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!"

Is a prayer which might be very appropriately put up by brother Jonathan on this occasion; and if he be not too much dazzled by success, he *will* see himself reflected, in the journals of Europe, in no very flattering lineaments. Vera Cruz will rise sooner from its ruins, than he recover his blasted reputation. His "avalanche of victories" has buried his fair fame beneath an icy mountain of disgrace, which no violence can throw off, and which nothing but the warmth of human kindness, long and liberally administered, can dispel.

These are heavy charges, it is true; and we may fairly be called upon to make them good. First, then, the war had a disgraceful *origin*. It arose out of the annexation of Texas, which, under the circumstances, was a disgraceful act. Calhoun, one of the leading Southern Senators, takes to himself the credit of having accomplished it, and avows that the object was to strengthen and consolidate the slave-power. The slaveholders had long had the ascendancy in the Federal Governmen There are now fifteen slave and only thirteen free States; but the latter, though under less favourable skies, are gradually increasing in power and wealth, under the genial influence of freedom. Also, by the act of Congress of 1821, Slavery was excluded from the new territory *west* of the State of Missouri, and *north* of latitude 36 deg. 30 min. By a glance at the map, it will be seen that there is, beyond that line of demarcation, a vast extent of country, now nearly waste, which is likely to be added by degrees to the Union; sufficient, indeed, to constitute several distinct free States. But it will be, at the same time, discovered, that the slave portion of the Union, being bounded on its whole eastern frontier, and on the greater part of its Southern extremity by the sea, could not easily have increased except by trenching upon Mexico, where Slavery had already been prohibited. Calhoun and his compatriots, with a cold-blooded, calculating sagacity, worthy of Pandemonium, set on foot those intrigues which resulted in the annexation of the revolted Mexican province of Texas, where the hateful system of Slavery was again placed under the protection of statute law. The Mexicans resented this aggression, dismissed the American Minister, and recalled their own from Washington. It should also be mentioned here, that the United States Government had made a claim upon Mexico, of about eight millions of dollars, for alleged spoliations on the property of American citizens. President Polk, of whose combative propensities we but lately had proof, was now in office; in an evil hour he ordered his troops to pass from Texas into Mexico, and this war was the result.

We give the Americans credit for being, at the present time, sincerely desirous to make peace. They are acknowledged to fight desperately; and yet do not make good soldiers. The despotism of a camp does not tally with their republican ideas.—They are too impatient of restraint to submit readily to military discipline. They try, again and again, to drive a bargain with Mexico; but thus far, all to no purpose. Though victors in so many battles, they but recently proposed, through Senor Atocha, to treat on the following basis:

They would take the 26th degree of latitude, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, for their boundary. For the ceded territory, north of this line, they would pay down *fifteen millions* of dollars, and say nothing about the *thirteen millions* already expended in the war. The debt of *eight millions*, before referred to, is not even mentioned in the proposed terms. But all will not do. Santa Anna turns from them in disdain, and, like one of his own game-cocks, determines to fight it out.

The war, thus disgracefully commenced, has been, in our view at least, as disgracefully *conducted*. Murder, debauchery, and lust, have marked the progress of the American army, to an extent which we will not sully our pages by describing. One or two features, however, must not pass unnoticed. The annexed quotation is from the *Boston Whig*. We imagine the battle referred to was that of Buena Vista:

The following murderous incident, growing out of this infernal war spirit, is passing through most of our war papers, with marks of high approbation of the spirit which it breathes and inculcates:

"COL. MAY.—At the time Lieutenant Crittenden was sent by Gen. Taylor, during the late battle, with a flag to a detached body of 1000 to 1500 of Mexicans that were being cut to pieces by our fire, Col. May was on the eve of charging them with his dragoons; but as Lieut. C. was passing with his white flag displayed, May rode out and crossed his path to inquire the object of his mission. 'I am going to tell those fellows to surrender, in order to save their lives.'—'Wait till I have charged them.'—'Impossible; the old man has sent me, and I must go.' 'But, my good fellow,' said May, entreatingly, 'for God's sake, just rein up for five minutes, and give us a chance at them.'—'Would do anything to oblige you, Colonel; but I have the old man's orders, and there is no help for it;' and he gave rein to his horse, while the Colonel returned to the head of his squadron, in the worst of all possible humours against them things called flags of truce.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

Now if anything can manifest a more atrocious spirit of cold-blooded murder in the perpetrator, without any one useful object to be accomplished by it, except the gratification of a most malignant and devilish temper of bootless revenge against a defeated and prostrate foe, we are not well instructed in the dark history of human depravity. Let those who can sympathize with it, do so with what conscience they may; for our humble selves, we can, from the bottom of our souls, rather ejaculate our heart-felt prayer:

"O! let me not be joined at last
To men of violence and blood.'"

This black picture of cruel military recklessness requires no further comment. We shall proceed to consider the attack on Vera Cruz. The Mexican forces were posted in the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, a strong fortress, commanding the city and adjoining coast. It was, of course, a great object with the Americans to possess themselves of this castle. They had a considerable army and a powerful squadron before it. How, then, did they advance to the assault? With shame, *shame*, be it recorded—*over the ruins of Vera Cruz!* Turning away from the armed men in the castle, they preferred,

Like certain "lords of high emprize,
To war with women and with boys."

By their own acknowledgment, they fired near seven thousand horrid projectiles into the *city*, and scarcely a shot into the *castle!* One-third of the city is said to have been destroyed, and two hundred women, children, and old men; (by other accounts, as many as one thousand,) killed by the bombardment? Shall not the names of General Scott and his confederates go down with infamy to posterity? General Taylor ("Old Rough and Ready," as he is called) acted differently at Monterey, where he accepted the capitulation, "to spare," as he said, "the lives of many innocent women and [illegible] by Senator Bagby, of Alabama, who is reported, in the *New-York Observer*, to have uttered the atrocious sentiment, "That in war we had nothing to do with taking care of the lives of women and children. He would rather see forty Mexican towns sacked, than the life of one *American* child destroyed. Gen. Taylor should have pushed his victory at Monterey, regardless of the blood that would have been shed by it."

Whether or not this senatorial rebuke to General Taylor drove on General Scott to the butcheries we have described, it certainly affords him neither excuse nor palliation. The course he adopted would have been considered unpardonable, had he been a Pagan. For four successive days, with occasional intervals, he poured his shot and shell into the town, until, as reported by the Americans themselves, "the garrison, listening to the entreaties of the suffering inhabitants, compelled the General commanding to surrender." Such is the boasted strategy of war! A more dastardly, mean, and abominable trick, we may safely say, never disgraced the prizering or the cock-pit.

The National Era, published at Washington, gives a curious paragraph from the *Wayne County Democrat*, from which we extract the following:

He who gave success to the pebbles in the sling of the Israelite against the mighty Philistine,.....and who gives success to Taylor and his gallant little army o prayerful soldiers, against a mighty host of the enemies of "God and liberty," can, and it is our prayer that he will, over-rule and direct *this* war, for the benefit of mankind, and for his own honour and glory.

Now this petition, taken in its simplest and most abstract sense, without reference to the facts in the case before us, is nothing very objectionable; but when we consider the allusions and comparisons implied, we are affected at once with astonishment and indignation. The writer who first gave such a paragraph to the world, must either be a profoundly ignorant man, or a hypocrite; in either case, amazingly fool-hardy. The poor and feeble Mexicans, who had given freedom to the negro, and are now shot down like so many frightened deer, are represented by the pious *Democrat* as "a mighty host of the enemies of God and Liberty," the Goliah who defied the armies of the modern Israel! while the scientific artilleryman of the North, the sinewy woodman of the South, and the crack rifleman of the West, who have just performed "an avalanche of victories," under the banners of American slaveholders, are the "*little army of prayerful soldiers*".—the stripling, slinging his smooth stones deep into the brow of the Popish Philistine! It is true that Gen. Taylor, a notorious slave-breeder, and commander-in-chief of the invading army, has lately been elected a "life-member" of a *Methodist Missionary Society*. How far the two former dignities comport with the last mentioned, we leave him and his religious associates to explain; but it strikes us, he ought to resign either his diploma or his commission. It is true the American soldiers carry Bibles in their knapsacks. We would advise them, however, if not prepared to lay down their arms, to fling their Bibles into the next trench, lest they add alike to the weight of their accoutrements and their condemnation.

There remains to be considered a very curious feature of the present war. It is exhibited in the following extract from *Burritt's Christian Citizen*, of April 10:

Among the documents accompanying the President's Message, is a table showing the whole number of men enlisted for the regular army, under the "General Recruiting Service," during the year ending September 30, 1846, to be two thousand five hundred and seventy-six. Of these two thousand one hundred and seventy-six were enlisted in the free States, and four hundred in the slave States.—*Middleton Constitution.*

Five times as many soldiers from the *thirteen* free States as from the *fifteen* slave States; and the battles to be chiefly fought for the benefit of Southern slave-mongers! And just so of the United States Navy—by far the greatest portion of the sailors being Northern men; while the *officers*, both of the army and navy, are filled almost wholly

vails among intelligent persons on the other side of the Atlantic,) these military operations, though immediately and professedly against Mexico, are, in a deeper and ulterior sense, directed against the *free States* of the Union. The balls now fired upon the soil of Mexico, rebound upon the plains of New-York and New England; and notwithstanding this acknowledged fact, New-York-men and New England-men fire the balls! "Five times as many soldiers from the thirteen free as from the fifteen slave States, in the regular army; and yet, "the battles to be chiefly fought for the benefit of Southern slave-mongers!" that is, to maintain the supremacy of the slave States over the free. If we mistake not, the Presidential chair has been always filled by slave-holders since the days of the Revolution; and the loaves and fishes of the State continue to be divided amongst them and their confederates. The present war is intended to perpetuate this state of things; and yet the rank-and-file engaged in it (mark, *not the officers*) it appears are chiefly Northern men.—We did give the Yankees a little more credit for their good-sense and shrewdness than this. We confess the phenomenon is to us inexplicable. It cannot even be accounted for on the principle of the watchword, "Our country, right or wrong!" which has become so popular at the South. Perhaps a thoughtless love of adventure, and a boyish hankering to see the world, may be the moving springs.

Before taking leave of this subject, we would say, to prevent the possibility of being misunderstood, that none of these censures here put forth, declared or implied, have any reference whatever to that noble, and now numerous band of citizens who deplore most bitterly the sins of their country, and cease not to cry aloud against her crowing abomination. Neither have we lost sight of that debt of gratitude, which we owe to the American people more generally, for their munificent relief to Ireland. We trust we are not actuated by any national prejudice, when we try to stimulate them to wash their garments from the stain of blood. We make quite as free with our *own* people, when there has been a bombardment of Acre, or a sacking of Istalif, or a burning of Cabool. Nay, we do not hesitate to record our hearty esteem and *admiration* for brother Jonathan. We are of opinion that would he but cast off that incubus of Slavery, that fell vampyre which preys upon his heart's blood, and afflicts him with such fearful moral diseases, he would be (nationally considered) the finest fellow that ever stepped upon this earth; his progress would be such as to leave all his old-world competitors far in the rear. At parting on this occasion, we would just ask the stripling in what brook he gathered those smooth round pebbles he slung the other day into Vera Cruz? Are we right when we *guess* that it was in Brooklyn? Not, we are sure, in the Rio Nueces, or the Rio del Norte. If they are natural formations at all, we do not hesitate to pronounce them mineralogical curiosities; too dangerous, however, for our museum, as the following interesting description will prove:

EXPLOSION OF A BOMB-SHELL.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

A few weeks ago, there was an accidental explosion of a bomb-shell, in Charlton street, New-York. And as I chanced to be at the spot but a few minutes after the explosion, I will give you a description of the terrific scene as it met my eye. I was sitting in my house, about a quarter of a mile from the place of the explosion, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the whole house was shaken by the report of apparently the heaviest piece of artillery. I was just preparing to go down in town, and taking an omnibus, soon saw a multitude of men and boys running towards Charlton street. In a moment more, a crowd came around the corner of Charlton street into Hudson street, bearing the body of a well-dressed man, upon a window-shutter. They crossed the street directly by the omnibus, and I observed that the whole back side of the head was blown off, and the blood and brains were dripping down upon the shutter. Perceiving indications of great excitement in the rapidly gathering crowd, and hearing exclamations of "explosion," "terrible explosion," &c. I left the omnibus to learn the cause of the disaster. Entering Charlton street, guided by hundreds who were rushing to that point from all quarters, I observed on both sides of the street, for a little distance, that the windows were entirely demolished, the frames in many places blown in, doors shattered, and holes blown actually through the sides of houses. In one place, forty rods, I should judge, from the spot where the explosion took place, a hole was blown through the front of a frame-house, large enough for a man to enter. Upon the side-walk, in front of a shop of old iron, lay in disorder some thirty or forty rusty bomb-shells, about eight inches in diameter. It was said by the crowd that a man had one of these between his [illegible] to loosen the charge with a stick, when it exploded, producing this scene of destruction and carnage. The body of this man was torn to pieces, and scattered in fragments through the streets. Observing a crowd gathered around an object in the street at a little distance, I approached it, and saw, apparently, a large piece of butcher's meat, which a boy was pushing about with his foot. On examining it, it proved to be the lower portion of a man's leg, with the crushed bones and mangled flesh. "The other leg," said a bystander, "was blown over into Hudson street." A crowd was collected round a window-sill, gazing at some object. It was a man's hand, the fingers burnt, and crushed, and blackened, having been torn from the body, and thrown with violence against the brick wall. The mangled trunk of the unfortunate man, headless and limbless, had been carried into the house, and the shrieks of his wife were heard over the bloody remains. Upon an iron window frame lay the torn and bloody body of another man. A fragment of the shell had torn away one half of his head. He was dead. His blood and brains were dripping down upon the pavement, and a day-labourer had his thumb and finger upon his eyes, to close them forever. Two young men who happened to be passing by in the middle of the street, were literally blown up into the air, and fell, with broken and mangled limbs, upon the pavement. They both died, I believe, the next day. In the street lay a horse dead, and it was singular that he also had the whole of the back of his head torn off by a fragment of the shell. A beautiful wagon to which he was attached was also demolished, the spokes of the wheels broken, and the vehicle almost torn to pieces.

Such was the devastation produced by the explosion of one single shell. And yet this shell did but perform its function. It was made for this very purpose—to destroy property and life. It was made to be thrown into the crowded streets of a city, there to explode, and blow up houses, and tear limb from limb. This was the function of the instrument. And this is war. To throw such missiles as these into the crowded streets of a city, is the business of war. As I looked upon this scene, and witnessed its carnage and woe, and reflected that it was the work of one single shell, and then reflected upon the consternation and horror which must be produced by raining down a shower of these shells upon a city, crushing their way through the roofs of houses, exploding in the chambers of the dying, or in parlours where mothers, and daughters, and infant children are gathered in terror; never did I so deeply feel before, the horrors—the unmitigated iniquity of war; never before did I so deeply feel that it was the duty of every one who has a voice to speak, or a pen with which to write, to devote all his influence to promote the abolition of this fiend-like work.

When Napoleon, with his blood-stained army, arrived before the walls of Vienna, he planted his batteries, and in less than ten hours, threw three thousand of these horrible projectiles into the city. Three hundred of these bomb-shells exploded every hour, five every minute, in the streets and dwellings of that crowded metropolis. Who can imagine the terrors of that dreadful night, when, amid the thunders of artillery, the cry and the uproar of contending armies, and conflagrations breaking out on every side, these terrible shells, like fiery meteors with portentous glare, were streaking the air, and descending like hail-stones upon the doomed city? Crashing through the roofs of the dwellings, they exploded at the fireside, in the very cradle of the infant, blowing their mangled limbs, with fragments of their demolished homes, far and wide into the air. In this way Napoleon conquered Vienna. In this way England conquered Canton. And in this demoniac work, thousands of our countrymen are now ready to engage for the acquisition of Texas and Oregon. The whole city of New-York was thrown into excitement by the tale of the explosion of this one shell, and there is scarcely a newspaper in the land which did not record the dreadful story. And yet it is the business of war to cast these shells by thousands among the men and boys who crowd the ships of the navy and the merchant fleet, and among the aged men, the mothers and maidens, and the children who throng the dwellings and the pavements of the city. O, merciful God, save the nations from the horrors of war!

May, 1845.

From the [Louisville] Examiner.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Legislature of Kentucky, last winter, by act, called upon the people of the State to say whether they would have a Convention to establish a new Constitution.

The holding of a convention, always important, is especially so now, for it involves the consideration and settlement of questions of vast magnitude;—questions which ought to receive, and which will receive, doubtless, the best thought and closest examination of which our whole community are capable.

There can be, legally, no limit to the discussions of these questions thus authoritatively and solemnly broached by the highest authority, and there will be, we are persuaded, no effort, in any quarter, to hedge in the liberty of the press, or trammel speech, while these privileges are exercised with a just regard to the peace of the community, and the integrity of the law.—Even that most difficult problem of all—*emancipation*—may be fully and fearlessly presented, if its advocates be thus guarded;—for no right is more sacred, in Kentucky, than that in alienable and fundamental right, which secures to every citizen "the liberty to know, to utter, to argue according to conscience."

Nor could any doubt exist, on this point, were it not for those causes, external and internal which for the last few years, have arrested the discussion of Slavery by the press over the State. These are:

1. The violence with which the subject of Slavery has been agitated *out* of the slave States.

There has been no form of exaggerated speech—no language in which wrath could be clothed—which has not been used against those who live amid Slavery. The characteristics of too many even of the professed advocates of freedom, living far away from the evil which they dread, have been, vehemence, and excess. They have made no allowance for the education and feelings of a slaveholding community. The great question of emancipation, therefore, which should always be presented without passion, and urged in a spirit of love, and generous good will, has been involved in a storm of fierce conflict, and people have been so bewildered by excitement, or fired by passion, as not to see or know the truth, or, at least, *how* to utter it. Society, unquestionably, when stagnant, needs a whirlwind blast to purify it, and to save. But where there *is* virtue and intelligence enough to hear and consider truth, the rude anger of the storm without, will only enkindle a ruder anger within. Violence, invariably, begets violence, and all that the best of us can do, at such times, is, to watch the excitement as it wears away;—and then, to labour and to wait.

2. The ultraism with which Slavery has been upheld in the slave States.

The perpetualists—especially those led by the able men of the Carolina school—have been ever in extreme. They have demanded of all persons and parties an unqualified obedience to their dogmas. Henry Clay, because he refused assent to these, was denounced by them as an abolitionist; for the same reason Silas Wright is as much execrated now as James G. Birney. There object has been and *is* to deepen the pro-slavery excitement, so that they may band all the slave States in one political union, and thus win power and secure it; and, for this end, they appeal constantly and ably to the pride, passion, sectional prejudice, avarice, and fears of these slave States. Nullification, the denial of the right of petition, the bitter and steadfast opposition to free labour, the *manner* in which Texas was annexed, last, though not least, Mr. Calhoun's "fire-brand" resolutions, as Senator Benton designates them—all these things show this to be their aim, and they show, in addition, that it is their purpose, by this action, to vex and fret the North, to drive the people there to excess, to madden them and make them as ultra on one side as these perpetualists are on the other. How indeed could they gain ascendancy in the South, were it not for the creation and extension of fanaticism at the North? The stormier it becomes, the brighter and surer their political prospects. They have done as much to extend abolitionism by their excess, as has been done by any instrumentality. As to their main object, the union of the South upon pro-slavery grounds, the perpetualists have failed; but, owing to the close division of parties, and the difficulty which exists under these circumstances, of speaking the truth on a vexed question, they have not failed in making public opinion more stringent, and arresting by the press the free discussion of emancipation, and subjects connected therewith, throughout the slave States.

Notwithstanding the operation of these causes, however, distinguished Southern men have not hesitated to utter plainly their sentiments. William Gaston, of North Carolina, a little while before his pure spirit passed away, urged the young men of that State, in a public address, to make the subject of Slavery their study, and to see if they could not, in their day, do something to eradicate "the great curse" of society. Senator Underwood, and other able Kentuckians, in years gone by, have spoken with persuasive eloquence in a like tone; and only a few months since, Judge Bullock, of this city, with signal ability, proved that the institution must die out from natural causes, and that it is the part of a wise forecast to prepare for such a result. Nor should any citizen hesitate to speak out his mind as freely. It is hard, indeed, to conceive that offence could be given by the exercise of a common liberty, and, especially, if, like the individuals named, all who use it, act upon these admitted principles:

1. That this State alone has exclusive jurisdiction over the whole subject within its territory.

Slavery is a domestic institution. Neither the National Government, nor any sister State, has the right, legally to touch it. It is for Kentucky, and Kentucky alone, to say when and how her bond shall be set free, or whether they shall be set free at all.

2. That the free alone shall be addressed.

This position needs only to be stated to be admitted everywhere. That being is a demon, and fit for the blackest infamy, who would seek, in any manner, to arm man against master. No more fiend-like conduct can be [illegible] earth, as it would be sure to meet the indignant punishment of heaven.

To our view, indeed, there is but one course mapped out for him, who labours earnestly and honestly to benefit and bless man. It is, as one of authority has said, to speak the truth always in love. Especially, should they pursue this course, who are endeavouring to effect social reforms, to change old and time-worn habits and laws. They must understand prejudices and pay proper regard to them; know all perils, and ward them off; weigh each interest, and be just; and violate no right in removing a wrong. It is often thought enough that the truth be spoken; but it is as important, almost, to speak it *rightly*. When uttered in harsh terms, clothed in the garb of bigotry, or enforced in an insolent or overbearing manner, in a spirit exclusive, one-sided, or rabid, it will be resisted, often, as a lie. The advocates of truth must rise up to the level of its own dignity. They must be pure in heart, and crush all feelings of anger and hatred, ere they can be fit to defend it, or enforce any great claim of humanity.

We shall write and argue in the Examiner, in this spirit, and temper, giving no just cause of offence to a single human being, yet free, alike, from that timidity, which would cringe before error, or that violence, which would battle with it in anger.

The necessity of such a paper as the Examiner seems clear enough to our friends. Because, (apart from other weighty reasons,)—

1st. Of the extent of Anti-Slavery sentiment in Kentucky.

There never was a period when our people did not feel it. At the formation of the Constitution, the Convention came within a few votes of inserting in it a gradual emancipation clause, and in 1832 public opinion was almost ripe for such a step. This feeling is not, apparently, as strong now. It is still, however, in its outspoken form an energetic element, and if all causes of restraint were removed, we believe it would be overwhelming in its action. Shall this sentiment have no organ? Is it just or generous to deny it the means of speech? Let it be heard! Let it have full freedom to speak out its thoughts! Let all parties, as they grapple with each other in manly argument or moral effort, prove their loyalty to liberty by the largest toleration, and thus rear up our social fabric on a granite foundation, colossal in stature and strength, and alike majestic and beautiful in outline.

2. The welfare of the State.

Who thinks Slavery a blessing? What body of men in the Church so regard it? What number of citizens, out of the Church, so hold? If Slavery were unknown among us, and its introduction were proposed, the voice of the people would pour itself out, in one, concentrated peal, for universal freedom. Those who are for emancipation, indeed, on any terms, believe, that while this measure is deferred or defeated, neither they nor their children can be truly blessed; that labour, the means of individual success or social growth, must be degraded; and that the State must lag behind her sister States in permanent prosperity and power. Shall they not say so? May they not do all, within their influence, to enforce these views? Glorious John Milton, amid revolutionary times in old England, made an address on Liberty of Speech, and took, for his motto, which sums up the whole argument, the spirited words of a bold Grecian poet:

> This is true liberty, when free-born men,
> Having to advise the public, may speak free—
> Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise—
> Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace—
> What can be juster in a State than this?

The object of the Examiner will be to represent the Anti-Slavery sentiment of Kentucky, and, as far as it can, to extend it—to inquire into and discuss all reform measures—and to advocate, to the best of its ability, every claim of humanity. As its name imports, its glance will be a wide one, and we shall aim to make it, with the aid of friends, a welcome visiter alike to the man of thought, and the family circle.

We have been solicited by numerous individuals in Virginia and North Carolina, and by a large circle of friends in Kentucky, to occupy our present post. We were known to all of them to have been born and brought up in South Carolina, and bred a slaveholder, and, therefore, supposed to be acquainted with the prejudices, interests and rights of slaveholders, and thus fitted to discuss the question of Slavery; to be a Whig, yet no partisan, and hence not likely to introduce or meddle with party politics, or with parties of any character in or out of the State. We shall labour to meet their wishes and fulfil their expectations. Of Mr. F. Cosby, who is associated with us, we need hardly say a word. He treads his own soil; Louisville is his native home. He brings to the task he has undertaken a clear head, and a resolution to labour earnestly for the real, lasting well-being of his native State and city.

We send the Examiner, with this brief outline of its proposed course and of our views, to its friends and the public. We beg no one for help. But, as the pecuniary independence of such a journal is all-important, we ask those who support the cause, and those who are willing to consider it, to take the paper, and extend its circulation. We ask for their earnest sympathy, and yet more for their cordial union. Our friends must unite, if they would have their strength felt. If a single person labours by himself, the power which consists in union, is wanting. A drop of rain will produce no moisture on the dry clod; but when it is united with other drops, the copious shower revives the dying plants and gladdens the whole face of nature. If thus we are united, we shall make Kentucky the home of the free, as well as of the brave, and awaken in our sister States of the South, a spirit which will not tire, until crowned with the glory of universal emancipation.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1847.

The Examiner.

Such is the title of a new paper, published in Louisville, Ky. the first number of which has reached us within the week. It is edited by John C. Vaughan, and is the successor of the "True American," to which paper it is similar in size and external appearance. Mr. Vaughan, as our readers will remember, is by birth a South Carolinian. He was the sole editor of the "True American" from the time that Capt. Clay dropped the pen he had wielded so well in the cause of freedom, to seize the sword to fight for the extension of human bondage, till the paper ceased to exist. The ability with which it was then conducted, the familiarity with his subject displayed by the editor, the high moral tone assumed by him, prove Mr. Vaughan to be eminently fitted for the delicate, difficult, and important work he has undertaken. We welcome him into the great and glorious field of Anti-Slavery Reform with our whole heart, and with a fervent prayer, first, that he may see the end of the harvest, and secondly, that he may never cease, in sunshine or in rain, to scatter the good seed, to tend and nurture its growing fruits, till he grasps the sickle to gather together the golden products of his labour. We have, in this first number of the Examiner, unquestionable evidence, that he will be a most industrious and faithful husbandman.

Mr. Vaughan is a Southerner, and will command the respect of his countrymen, and the confidence of those who, like him, feel the necessity of putting away from among them the curse that blights the very soil they tread upon. He knows that Kentucky, which in the race of half a century has so lagged behind her sister State on the other side of the Ohio river, needs only the stimulant of free labour to make her among the foremost of the most energetic and thriving States of America. He reads aright the broad fact stamped so plainly upon her morals, her commerce, and her agriculture,—that Slavery cramps the energies, destroys the true manliness, and in every respect debases her people. And we have great faith that he will teach them these plain truths, and, with those who will cluster around the standard of Emancipation which he has raised, will hasten the day when Kentucky—perhaps the first of the Southern States,—will proclaim Liberty to those who are in bonds.

In another column we publish the salutatory of the editor of the Examiner: we were about to say that it is better calculated for the meridian of the Southern than of the Northern States; but we are not certain that its wholesome, straight-forward expression of Anti-Slavery truth would be more acceptable here than there, while we are certain that its misrepresentations of the Abolitionists would be as welcome in the one region as in the other. It is not worth while, however, to waste words in complaint of a short-sightedness in Kentucky, which is no less common even in Massachusetts. So excellent a paper as the Boston Whig is not, in this respect, one whit in advance of the Louisville Examiner. Though both papers are indebted to these much-abused Abolitionists that either of them can, at this moment, maintain any position against Slavery, or can think of assuming one, we should not be surprised at a blindness, or want of moral courage in Louisville, which is equally displayed in Boston.

We regret the language of the Examiner, however, on this topic, for its own, and the cause's sake, though we care little for it on our own. He is putting words into the mouth of his enemy to use against himself.—Earnest, and sincere, and good men,—and who will deny that such, whatever may be their faults, the mass of those who have warred against Slavery for the last fifteen years, really are?—will, in the very nature of things, use the same instrumentalities, and in a similar way, in [illegible] to reform the corrupt society about them. Their only difference is, a difference of time. That which seems to-day an outrage, is to-morrow a virtue—and even a virtue in him who still declares that yesterday it was an outrage in another. The man who looks down at the footsteps of those who have gone before him in the same path, to find fault with their way of traveling, is teaching a bad trick to those behind him. It is better for all on that road to look forward rather than downward, if they are sure the road is a good one. And if they are sure it is not, the sooner they leave it to make another, without stopping for complaint, the better.

To the slaveholder, the man who seeks for the abolition of Slavery is an ABOLITIONIST. It matters little to him whose hold upon his human chattels is menaced, that he is assured the rebuke of his wrong-doing is given in the spirit of love. He does not believe it, nor is it any more palatable if he do. He rejects the "interference" at once, come in what form it may. He does not recognize your or my right to say anything about the matter, whether in love or hatred. He says incontinently it is none of our business. If the Examiner has not learned this, it will ere long, if it says anything—and we know it will—that will arouse the attention of the slaveholder.

Not, we do not mean to be understood, that it makes no difference how the truth be spoken. Spoken in love it always should be. But the phrase covers up a precious deal of cant, and means often anything but speaking truth for the *love of truth itself*. When the truth and a lie come face to face, boldly and openly, the lie is offended, and there is no help for it. The slaveholder who can hear of his wrong-doing from any body with patience, is already on the high road to Abolitionism, and setting himself up as a mark for the abuse of his neighbours. It is written in the blood of him of Nazareth, and of an army of Christian martyrs that the wicked hate the truth, though spoken in the spirit of God himself. The ready lie is ever on their lips—"he blasphemes."

The Examiner, moreover, is teaching another bad error to his next-door neighbour in Louisville—his neighbour in the next town or county—or his neighbour in the next State south of him—when he would seem to deprecates Northern interference with the subject of Slavery. Your philosophy, friend, we know, is wider and deeper than that, if you will but think of it for a moment. If we in New-York may not protest against the outrage perpetrated upon our fellow-countrymen in the Carolinas, or upon our *fellow-man* anywhere, by what right do you in Louisville appeal to the slaveholder in Lexington—or in Kentucky, to him in Virginia? The right of both of us belongs to us by virtue of our common humanity. It is not limited by town, or county, or State lines. Narrow friths, or broad Atlantics, or intervening mountains, cannot take from us the right of rendering such "aid and comfort," as we may, to the suffering and the poor everywhere, and crying out, with such energy as we have, against the tyranny of the oppressor. It is our privilege and our duty to feed the starving Irishman; to open, if we can, the prison doors to those that are in bonds; to succor the afflicted, the world over, by word or deed. If we may not do the one, we may not do the other. And if we are wrong in doing either, anticipate the mob in the duty you are teaching it, and toss your types and printing-press into the Ohio river.

We do not say this in the spirit of fault-finding. We repeat, that we are not surprised at the expressions made use of by the Examiner in alluding to Northern Abolitionists. It would rather have excited our astonishment to see so much magnanimity and clear-sightedness as would be manifested in the opposite spirit. But the evidence is daily accumulating that all, who take a firmand bold stand against the great sin of our day and nation, are put at once into the same category by their opponents. Our measures, like our principles, are, to a great degree identical, and a common hatred is visited upon all of us. We gain nothing by denying each other's companionship.

We wish the Examiner a long list of subscribers, and payment in advance; better for its worldly prosperity we cannot give it. We trust it will receive a liberal support from the North, and because it is a *Southern* paper. It will not say all that an Abolitionist on this side of Mason & Dixon's line would have said, and will not always speak in the way that he thinks best. But our faith in the boldness, the earnestness, and the good judgment of the editor, we are confident, will not be disappointed. He understands the character of the people by whom he is surrounded, and knows their wants; and though, we believe he will use a wary discretion in ministering to them, we do not fear his committing the unpardonable blunder of mistaking their wishes for their wants. His boldness, we doubt not, will be tempered with wisdom, but his wisdom, we are certain is something more than the short-sighted cunning which hopes to abolish wrong by cajolery. If he have any confidence in, and true love for virtue, he will never believe in the possibility of cheating his neighbours into well-doing. In short, though we look for a paper carefully adapted to the infancy of the cause in its locality, and judiciously calculated to build up that cause from its feeble state, yet we shall be disappointed if its course is in any degree marked by a truckling policy, or a timid subserviency to a corrupt public sentiment.

Slave-Labour vs. Free-Labour.

Our readers will remember the difficulty which occurred recently at the Tredegar Iron Works, in Virginia. The white operatives refused to work because slaves were employed, not, we presume, from any objection to labour with them, but because there could be no fair competition between themselves and the owners of slaves. A slave-owner, who gives to his slaves barely the simplest necessaries of life, and none of the comforts and luxuries, but who gains for himself from the product of their united labours, a large return on the capital invested in their bodies, can afford to let them out at a price which is a miserable remuneration to the free labourer, who has the fruits of his own labour only to support himself and his family. Here is the cause of the wretched condition of the "poor white folks" of all slave-countries, and, to a certain degree, the still more miserable and abject condition of the free coloured people, who are pointed at as evidence of the inherent imbecility of negroes, and of their inability to take care of themselves.

In this proposition, too, is involved the general want of enterprise and prosperity in slave States. Those who constitute the chief portion of the labouring population, do only so much as they are compelled to do, for they are not stimulated by the fear of want, or the hope of gain; they are sure of enough to support life, and are certain of receiving nothing more. The remaining portion of the labouring class have little other stimulant than the fear of want, because their labour does not receive an adequate reward,—because labour is servile and therefore disgraceful,—and because, from both these causes, it cannot be the avenue to wealth and respectability. The remainder of the people are the slave-owners, who are to be sure, a small minority, but who live upon the unrequited toil of their slaves, and through their power over the slave-labour hold all other in check.

The attempts now making at the South to introduce manufactures, must prove abortive for these reasons.—The poor whites cannot, will not work, in competition with the invested labour-capital of the slave-owners; and if the slaves could be made to work enough to render manufactories profitable, they would become too intelligent to labour for nothing but a peck of corn per week, and twosuits of clothes per year, and would soon become united enough in large bodies of manufacturing people, either to compel their emancipation, or render it necessary to break up all such establishments. It is impossible, then, that there can be in a slave-country any other prosperity than that which belongs to a rude system of agriculture; for there can be no other than ill-directed, and cramped, and unwilling industry.

All this, perhaps, and much more to the same purpose, the white operatives at the Tredegar Iron Works would have said, in extenuation of their contumacy, to the slaveholders, had they been permitted. But they were not allowed to say anything. Mr. Anderson, the proprietor, published a list of the rates of wages paid at his works, and declared them to be higher than the rates paid at similar establishments at the North. All this might be true, for the simple reason that the demand for the sort of labour he wanted was greater than the supply, inasmuch as the slaves were not yet *educated* up to that point when their labour could come readily into competition with that of white workmen. This, these workmen seemed to understand, and declared that they did not demand higher wages, but refused to work till the slaves were discharged. Thereupon they were denounced as conspirators against the peace and prosperity of the "Peculiar Institution," and treated accordingly. It was a struggle between Slave-Labour, and Free-Labour—between the slaveholder, who lives upon the toil of others, and the labouring man, who only asks for a fair field and no favour; and the latter, of course, went to the wall.

Precisely what measures were resorted to to quell these rebellious spirits who thus asserted the dignity of labour, and the right of every man "to eat his own bread in the sweat of his face," we have not learned.—We only know that the strong arm of the law was resorted to, and the operatives were brought to disclaim any purpose of uniting in any unlawful combination, or of violating the laws in any respect. And Mr. Anderson maintains his determination of employing such labour as he sees fit, which of course will be cheap slave-labour, when slaves enough of sufficient intelligence can be had to answer his purpose.

Harlem Railroad.

It is stated that the Directors of the Harlem Railroad have made a new regulation whereby coloured people are excluded altogether from the cars. Heretofore they have been suffered to stand on the platform outside, but even this poor privilege is now denied them. This regulation is made, we presume, to accord with popular prejudice. "I would n't have stopped," said a driver to us, one day, when a coloured woman stepped into the cars, "I would n't have stopped, if I 'd knowd 'twas a nigger." "Have not coloured people the same right to ride here as white folks? and is not their money just as good?" we asked. "Oh, yes!" said he; "I do'nt care nothing about it myself, but then you see white folks will make a muss about it if niggers get inside."—Perhaps the driver and the Directors are right, but all who despise this contemptible prejudice—and there are many who do, who do not call themselves Abolitionists, should take care to teach those gentlemen that there is a public sentiment on the other side also, and that there are those who will not ride at all in cars from which any decent people are excluded. Is there no coloured man in this city with moral courage enough to test this question? The charter of the Harlem Railroad is given the company for the convenience of the public, as well as to line the pockets of the stockholders with sixpennies, and we take it that there is some remedy when a respectable man tenders his fare and is refused a seat. We should e glad to see the question fairly brought up for settlement.

"Slavery Countenanced by the Free Church of Scotland," &c.

We are indebted to Mr. James Standfield, of Belfast, Ireland, for a copy of a lecture with the above title, delivered at Edinburgh, by the Rev. Isaac Nelson, of Belfast, before the Free Church Anti-Slavery Society, by request of that body. It is a clear and forcible appeal to the members of the Free Church of Scotland to "come out and be separate" from their connection with the abomination of American Slavery.

The lecturer sets forth in a brief but clear manner, the present relation of the Free Church to the pro-slavery Church of this country, and reviews and refutes the various arguments advanced by the Rev. Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham, and others, in defence of that relation. In this connection he shows the inherent sinfulness of Slavery, in contradiction to the notion advanced by those gentlemen that a distinction is to be made between slave-*holders* and slave-*havers*; i. e. between voluntary slaveholders, or those who hold slaves for the slaves' good. From the published proceedings of various ecclesiastical assemblies in the United States, he shows the pro-slavery position of all our larger churches, and urges his hearers to give their countenance and sympathy to the small band of Abolitionists in this country, who are struggling against the united influence of these powerful bodies.

Mr. Nelson also reviews the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance during its session in London, touching the Slavery question, and discusses the course pursued by Dr. Cox and the other American delegates with the utmost freedom. He states, what we were not before aware of,—or had forgotten—that a Mr. Gordon, of Virginia, a slaveholder, applied for admission to the Alliance, and was refused, though Dr. Cox pleaded in his behalf, says Mr. Nelson, "in such strong language, as a godly individual, that I was convinced that should there ever be an American canon of *slaveholding Saints*, Mr. Gordon ought to have his name high upon it." He also states that the Rev. Dr. Smyth, who is not a slaveholder, but is waited upon by slaves, and accepts their unpaid labour, and who was one of the first to be enrolled upon the list of the Alliance, was not invited when in Ireland, in his native town, to sit in the Irish General Assembly, then in session. The motion to extend such an invitation to him was withheld in consequence of an intimation from Mr. Gordon that a vote would be demanded if such a motion were pressed.

The lecture is published in a cheap form, and cannot fail to have a wide circulation, and a deep and abiding influence.

We are also indebted to Mr. Standfield,—who is Secretary of the Belfast Anti-Slavery Society—for a copy of the following letter from himself to the editor of the Belfast Commercial Chronicle. From the present aspect of affairs in the Free Church, it seems highly probable that, if she be not forced by the thundering of Abolitionists at her doors to "SEND BACK THE MONEY," she will, at least, be induced to break off all connection with the slaveholding churches of America.

Mr. Standfield will accept our thanks for the letter which follows, and for the lecture of Mr. Nelson. Such favours from our coadjutors on the other side of the Atlantic are always exceedingly acceptable:

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SLAVE!

DEAR SIR:—Have the gooodness to insert in your journal, the following paragraph from the Glasgow Argus of the 24th instant:

"*Free Church Anti-Slavery Petition.*—A petition to the General Assembly of the Free church of Scotland against communion with slaveholding churches in America, passed the Committee on Bills last Thursday. The petition was signed by upwards of two thousand lay adherents of the Free Church, of whom sixty-six are known to be elders, and seventy-one deacons. Petitions to a similar effect also passed from the deacon's court of a congregation in Edinburgh, and from the Free Church congregation at Prestonpans—the latter signed, with two exceptions, by every member of said congregation. The *Witness* newspaper refused to mention this fact in its columns, unless paid for as an advertisement—from those columns we have extracted it. The *Scotsman* adds in a paragraph that various other petitions from Scotland, England, and Ireland, were thrown overboard, as coming from parties not connected with the Free Church."

It is to be hoped that, as the laity, and some of the ministers, and a host of office-bearers, in the Free Church of Scotland, are loudly calling for non-intercourse with the slaveholding churches of America, the General Assembly will be moved to dissolve the unhallowed connection.

Yours, truly,

JAMES STANDFIELD.

BELFAST, 28th May, 1847.

Reply to "One of the 170."

We presume the article referred to by our correspondent, is a letter of Mr. Haughton's, which we copied not long since into the Standard. The substitution of the definite, for the indefinite article, was no doubt an error, and perhaps one of the printer's. Mr. Haughton is not a man who would, to make out a case, commit such an error wilfully.

2dly. If there is a mistake here it is a very natura one. The Unitarian Association represents the Unitarians of this country, and it is not strange that a foreigner should suppose it to represent the "170" among th rest. At all events Dr. Whittredge was really a Vice President of the Association, and the Association was properly responsible for it while he continued so. His selection may have been an accident, or a form, but that does not lessen their responsibility. The action of the Association at its last meeting shows conclusively that its members did not think the matter as of no consequence.—Does our correspondent mean to say that Dr. Whittridge was a Vice President for only one year?

To the question of our correspondent we answer unhesitatingly—No. Anti-Slavery is not professed to be one of the principles of Prison Discipline, Anti-War, or Anti-Capital Punishment societies. Everybody would laugh at, and denounce the Peace Society, however, if it should choose General Taylor for Vice President; or the Anti-Capital Punishment Society, if it should choose the Rev. Dr. Cheever. And we fancy that in such contingencies both societies would be abandoned by all its members who cared anything for consistency, if they could not vote such man out of office. The objection to choosing such officers by such societies, is very obvious: the societies would be acting contrary to their own professions, and would really be stumbling blocks in the way of the objects they were created to effect. It is hardly necessary to make an application of the argument to the Unitarian Association. That Association professes to be a Christian body. How then can it properly and consistently choose a man to one of its highest offices, who is not a Christian? The "individual liability" clause, we take it, goes thus far, at least—that every member of an Association is bound to know whether his representatives are really doing the work for which they are chosen, and whether they really represent the idea of the Association.

Death of John Van Zandt.

We have already announced the death of this excellent man, who has suffered so much in the cause of the slave, and who was doomed by the Government of his country, to suffer much more for his obedience to the precepts of Christianity, had he lived. An attentive correspondent at Cincinnati, has given some account of his character, and his death and burial, which, though not intended for publication, we take the liberty of copying. We are sure that a perusal of it cannot fail to be a gratification to our readers:

"The readers of the Standard who have taken an interest in the case of John Van Zandt, will learn, not without emotion, that the old man is dead. He had been, for many months, declining in health. His disease was a lingering consumption, brought on, it is said, by his frequent exposure in the night season, succouring and aiding the flying fugitive from bondage.

"When the news of the decision of the Supreme Court at Washington—a decision upon which time and scrutiny shall fix the indelible stamp of infamy—arrived, the old man received it calmly. He was satisfied that he had done no wrong. He was assured that in succouring the needy and delivering the oppressed, he was but following in the footsteps of Him who 'went about doing good.' What mattered it to him that an Earthly Tribunal had wrested the law to his condemnation for acts of mercy? A little while, and he would stand before another Judgment Seat, and be judged by a different rule. It is remarkable that the old English translators of the Bible make the very act which the court imputed to Van Zandt and denounced as criminal, a title to heavenly blessedness. 'I was herbarwells and ye herboriden mee,' is the language of our Saviour to the heirs of Heaven, according to the translation of Wicliff. Why, then, should he be greatly troubled by the decision of the Supreme Court?

"The time of the old man's deliverance was nearer than he imagined. The news of the decision reached him in the latter part of March, and he died in the last days of May. The decision of the Supreme Court had not yet

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Communications.

The Unitarians.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to correct a few errors in an article quoted in the Anti-Slavery Standard of June 10th. Dr. Whittridge was not "*the* Vice-President of the American Unitarian Association;" he held no such conspicuous office. Among FIFTEEN Vice-Presidents, his name makes the tail of the list. This makes an essential difference, because one such officer's character would probably be known, but amongst nearly a score some unsuitable man might innocently enough drop in.

2dly, the "one hundred and seventy" clergymen who signed against Slavery, did not "choose" this slaveholder for their Vice-President. Many of them had no right to choose; the great majority of them were absent; whatever choice there was occurred just before the public meeting, in a very small room, in considerable haste, and as a mere form complimentary to the elected, but conferring upon him no power whatever. If Dr. Whittridge was elected last year, this year was the earliest chance for his removal; and now S. Fairbanks, and S. K. Lothrop, of Boston, are the only Vice-Presidents.

And, now "I am up," I should like to ask another question. I belong to various societies, like the "Massachusetts Prison Discipline," which has fifty-three Vice-Presidents, elected I know not where, for what, nor by whom; but, I suppose, to honour them, and honour the Society, draw a little money, and give a colour of respectability to the concern. Now, am I bound to know the views of these fifty-three gentlemen on emancipation; gentlemen, I never have met and never shall meet; gentlemen who let Lewis Dwight pursue his own course with the Society, and devote the whole funds to his office and his report—gentlemen who reside in every part of the United States—or withdraw? I can easily do the latter, and so far diminish what little influence may be mine; but I have not before imagined that the "individual liability" clause went quite so far as that. I am also opposed to war, to capital punishment, and various other existing barbarisms. Am I to examine these Honoraries upon these subjects, too—and withdraw if dissatisfied?

ONE OF THE 170.

Hester street Meeting.

"I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed; how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me."—Jer. 2, 21, 4.

———, ———. attended Hester street meeting the twenty-sixth of First month, 1845. After sitting some time in silence, she rose with these expressions: "Thou hypocrite and blind." She then proceeded to address some individual as being proud, self-confident, high, and strong in his own estimation, comparing him to Goliath, that he had said that the ministers were afraid to preach in his presence; but the time would come when he would be in an agony, and he would see the spirits of those whom he had opposed, carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, and it would increase his agony. She also stated that their good works would not save them, that we might remember when some formerly plead that they had fed the hungry, and gave the thirsty drink, took in the stranger, and clothed the naked, visited the sick, and those in prison,—they were answered, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels." Such preaching may amuse the sceptic, but to those who feel an interest in the welfare of society

been carried into the judgment of the Circuit Court, and was, of course, inoperative, except as a mere expression of opinion. It cannot now be carried into judgment at all; and consequently, the children of the old man, whose situation was the occasion of his chief anxiety, cannot be despoiled of their inheritance, for the benefit of the slaveholder. Thus, at the very moment when the toils of the oppressor seemed about to enclose him beyond the possibility of relief, he was himself delivered from all further annoyance, and his children were rescued from destitution and distress.

"I was present at his funeral. It was a bright, lovely day, and many of the neighbours had gathered to pay the final tribute of respect. The house where he lived, stands upon the summit of a beautiful slope, which ascends from the valley of the Mahketewa, to the general level of the country. The people were gathered in the front room, where also the old man lay asleep in death, and on an adjoining rustic portico. Many of them had differed widely from Van Zandt in his lifetime. Some of them, perhaps had joined in the cry against him, provoked by his steady zeal in behalf of the oppressed. But now all were ready to testify to his integrity and benevolence.

"Mr. Lewis, who is so well known by his anti-slavery services, and who is also a local preacher in the Methodist connexion, performed the funeral service, in accordance with the wish of the deceased, expressed shortly before he died. It seemed to me more like a place of triumph than of mourning, when, after recounting the trials and sacrifices of the dead, he adverted to the circumstances of his death. He remarked that at the very moment when the persecutors had made sure of their victim, God said to his servant "come up hither," and he heard and obeyed. He had gone where they could not follow him.

"Van Zandt was buried in a little graveyard in the valley, in full view from the house. It is proposed to erect a simple monument to his memory; but he needs it not. The decision which was intended to destroy him, will be his enduring monument and testimony."

Emancipation.

A Fredericksburg correspondent of a Baltimore paper says that a procession of forty-eight coloured persons—men, women and children,—recently passed through that town on their way to Ohio, and followed by a wagon containing farming implements and children too young to walk. They had been the slaves of Col. James Epes, of Dinwiddie, who died not long since, and emancipated them by will. Arrangements have been made for their settlement in Ohio. Among them were a few persons husbands and wives, who had not belonged to Col. Epes, but had been liberated by their masters, that the families might not be divided.

The Washington (Pa.) Patriot relates a similar occurrence. It says:

Emancipated Slaves.—On Saturday of last week, a small colony of emancipated slaves passed through this place on their way to Ohio. There were forty-nine of them, and they stated that they had been emancipated on the Saturday previous, by their owner, Esq. Cochran, in Hampshire county, Virginia, who gave them $500 to pay their expenses, and started them off for Ohio. There appeared to be three or four families of them, and they were well equipped for travelling—a four-horse wagon carrying the furniture, and another wagon the women and children. They were bound for Fayette county, Ohio.

Such instances of emancipation as this are evidently becoming more common at the South, and, of course, can be attributed to nothing but the anti-slavery agitation. If abolitionism has ever caused the slave-laws to be more stringent, a revulsion must come some time, and this perhaps is the commencement.

THE UNTERRIFIED IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Notwithstanding the sound drubbing which the Young Democrats of New Hampshire gave last year to their political fathers, the lesson seems to have been lost upon them. They need another terrifying before they will be brought to a clear understanding that there is a certain limit, beyond which the people of their State do not choose to go in support of Slavery. The Legislature have just passed a series of resolutions approving the conduct of the American army and its Generals in Mexico, and repeating the infamous falsehood that the war was commenced by the act of Mexico. One of the resolutions is as creditable to the intelligence of the New Hampshire Legislature, as all of them are to their humanity and love of truth. It really gives "comfort" to the enemy, with a decision and straight-forwardness that even Mr. Polk never dreamt of. Of course it means precisely the opposite of what it says. It is:

Resolved, That we tender our sympathy to the friends and relatives of the brave men who, since the commencement of the war, have fallen in *defence of their country (!!!!)*

We vote for this resolution with both hands, and move its adoption in every Anti-Slavery Convention that shall be held between this and the end of the war. Who seconds the motion?

VISIT OF MR. POLK.—His Excellency, James K. Polk, has honoured New-York with a visit during the past week. He was received—and very properly, as other Presidents have been before him—with much rejoicing and great honour. We see no reason why the city which can illuminate for the victories in Mexico, shall not honour the man under whose administration such victories are gained. We have no patience with the cant which rejoices for the success of a war, and would do all homage to its successful General, but which affects a holy horror for the man to whom we are indebted for the war itself. Mr. Polk attended divine service three times on Sunday. We trust that some of the Evangelical colleges will do justice to their own character and his, by conferring a degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him, before he returns to Washington. A D. D. would be much more appropriate for him than the L. L. D. which was given by Harvard to Gen. Jackson. He is, we dare say, as good a man as the majority of Reverend Doctors, while President Jackson had none of the qualifications which belong to the Doctors of Law.

A HOPEFUL STATE.—The last Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post says that its editor has been "plunged into a reverie" on meeting, in an exchange paper, an admonition never to do an act of doubtful justice or propriety. The result of the reverie is a forcible impression of the correctness of the sentiment. We congratulate the editor on this hopeful growth of morals.

GRACE GREENWOOD, in a letter to the Home Journal, denies that such a disaster as marriage has happened to her.

From our Baltimore Correspondent.

JUNE 27, 1847.

The past few weeks has been a very favourable time for the ripening crops, in this vicinity, and already has the harvest commenced. Wheat and rye throughout this State is much better than the "croakers" meant it should be, and is full an average crop. Corn, oats, and potatoes, though backward, look well; the frequent rains of late are fast bringing them forward. But whether we shall have much tobacco to *eat* this season, is more than I can say; at best it would make but poor nourishment for the "starving poor of Ireland," however a good crop might keep some of our own bankrupt communities from starving, as it finds consumers in abundance. Even some of our *reform editors* eat the unnatural stuff; the product of slave labour, which, with Slavery, is spoiling the most fertile portion of our State, blighting its very soil, so that after a few years it will not "bring forth" even "briars and thorns." But of tobacco, I suppose, as of rum, as long as there are consumers there will be producers. But reformers, of all others, ought not to eat it, for more reasons than one.

Baltimore, like Philadelphia and New-York, has been *honoured* by a visit from James Knox Polk, but without producing any alarming excitement. The turnout to escort him to his lodgings was comprised of such millitary companies, office-holders, &c. as were *ordered* out, which drew a rabble after them of course, but this was about the extent. We were told that due respect to the *office* should prompt us to turn out on this occasion; but some of our goodly citizens failed to respond to this call, on the grounds that due respect was not paid to the office when the present incumbent was placed in it.—Many a bleeding heart in this city, no doubt, would have welcomed the President with tears of joy, could he have but restored to their embrace, many a son and brother, whom, one short year since he sent to Mexico to fight his battles for Slavery. But alas! many of them have passed away! leaving no solace but that they were "*nobly*" fighting for *Slavery*. The few remaining men of the Baltimore volunteers are hourly expected here. They will come covered all over with glory, of course, which will be all they will have for their privations, hardships, and diseased systems.

Of the true state of things in Mexico, "the half has not been told." Our friend Dr. Snodgrass received a letter, the past week, from a sister's son at Vera Cruz, and the first intimation that he had, that the nephew had "gone to the wars." This young man says, that at the time of his writing, June 1st, 10 o'clock, A. M. that *one hundred and eight* had died since 6 o'clock the evening previous, a period of sixteen hours; and the day previous to writing there were *one hundred and fifty-five* buried. With the writer I am acquainted, and have no doubt of the truth of the above. How long will it take the *vomito* to "conquer a peace" at this rate?

The Rev. Dr. Fuller, of South Carolina, Slavery and Baptism's greatest champion, arrived in town the past week in answer to a "call" from the Seventh Baptist Church of this city, and enters upon his duties, as their spiritual guide, to-day. The condition on which he accepted the "call," was, that the society should build *him* a new church; consequently the new church was immediately put under contract, and the old church sold, it not being "modern built." The new church will cost about thirty thousand dollars, and is to be opened in the course of a month. Hope Slaffer will not now have to give up his business to join the Church. The Reverend Doctor can put him through his "dipto," give him a front seat up the "Broad Aisle," and with his usual long face, he would be as good a Christian as any in the crowd. The calling of this pro-slavery General to the lines, looks a little war-like, but unfortunately, for them, too many of the enemy have crossed the lines already, and the General will find sufficient to do to keep down an insurrection. But we will wait and see the result of his mission.

N.

Notes on New Books.

Harper's Class-book: comprising outlines of the History and Geography of New-York, arranged as a Reading-book for Schools. By William Russell, Professor of Elocution in the Brooklyn Female Academy. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847. pp. 669.

This reading-book is founded upon a plan entirely novel, and although it is a very excellent compilation, the nature of it must confine its use solely to the State of New-York. The subjects which it contains are purely local, and their selection has been made for the express, and avowed purpose, of cherishing a feeling of reverence for the State of New-York. It is, in fact, a condensed history of the State and the people, arranged in exercises of proper length for reading. It begins with the geography and early history of the State, and ends with its natural history and the new Constitution. It is, unquestionably, an admirable reading-book for the schools of the State, and will, doubtless, be universally adopted in all our public schools, but we do not suppose that the author designed it as a substitute for the reading-books now in use, but only as an addition to them.—B.

The Boy's Summer Book. By Thomas Miller. With thirty-six illustrations. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847.

This beautiful little volume is by Thomas Miller, the basket-maker, a gentle-hearted poet who loves nature, and loves to write about her; it is the first of a series of four books ont he seasons, forming the "Boy's Own Library," and is one of the most instructively-charming books for children that we have seen. The style in which it is published is exceedingly beautiful, and the numerous illustrations are well drawn and engraved, much better than such pictures usually have been.—B.

The Sketch Book of Fashion. By Mrs. C. F. Gore. Two volumes, 3d edition. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847.

Mrs. Gore is something more than a novelist, she is what few women ever have been, a successful satirist. Her sketches of fashionable life are bitter satires as well as vivid pictures. There is always a motive apparent in her novels beyond the mere aim of pleasing. She is the very antipodes of a certain school of writers, who aim at instilling good principles by representing impossible pictures of amiability, and by making goodness incredible destroy all faith in it. Mrs. Gore shows up vice in contrast to virtue in such truthful and lively colours that she never fails to make an impression upon the heart and the understanding. Her style and constructive powers are very remarkable for a woman. The invention of her plots discovers a mind of very high order, and her peculiarly unfeminine style has repeatedly mistified the critics, and led them to attribute several of her anonymous novels to the pen of Bulwer. She writes with a rapidity truly marvellous, and turns out her three volumes-novel much faster than the prolific Mr. James, and manifests a quickness of observation and a power of combination much superior to any living novelist excepting Dickens. She makes a prodigious show of manly learning in her novels, being very free with Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and legal technicalities.—So far as our own acquaintance with her novels will warrant an opinion, she is one of the healthiest of English female writers, and her books are a thousand times more profitable reading than the platitudes of Mrs. Ellis and Charlotte Elizabeth.—B.

Pictorial History of England, No. XXV. Harper & Brothers.

This number of this admirable work brings us down to the reign of Charles the First, and the early scenes of the revolution.—B.

Messrs. *Wiley & Putnam* have just issued a new edition of Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry, containing a considerable amount of new matter, and several new analyzes of manures. It forms a handsome volume of four hundred pages, and is sold at the very low price of seventy-five cents. The same publishers have just published a beautiful little volume, for youthful readers called "the Horse and his Rider," which contains some spirited illustrations, and a good amount of useful and entertaining matter.—B.

Blackwood.—Messrs. Scott & Co. 79, Fulton street, have ready Blackwood's Magazine for June. This number closes the twenty-sixth volume. It contains the following articles:

"North America, Siberia and Russia;" "Letter No. VI. on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions;" "The Hymn of King Olaf, the Saint;" "Four Sonnets," by Elizabeth B. Browning; "Constantinople and the Declining State of the Ottoman Empire;" "Horæ Catullianæ—Letter to Esebius;" "Prosper Mérimée;" "How to Build a House and live in it;" "A Turkish Watering Place" "Pacific Rovings;" "On the Nutrative Qualities of the Bread now in Use."

To Correspondents.

J. R. We have written him as directed, but are not sure that the address was *meant* to be correct. If not, we presume he will see this.

J. L. The time he mentions will entirely suit our convenience, and he can, if he pleases, then make the remittance in his own way, but of course without interest.

M. G. Will he send us some copies of the Magazine referred to in his letter as soon as it is out?

J. B. S. A.'s paper goes now by mail. By some mistake it was placed on the wrong list.

S. B. We cannot say, but will do our best to have it. Can he not get out of the way of writing Sanscrit?

A. Q. T. The difference will not be more than three dollars, and we shall therefore issue the larger number.

S. P. C. We are greatly obliged for his interesting letter. We shall have something to say upon it in a future number of the Standard.

S. M. He will please do as he first proposed to himself. The request was made to all, expecting, of course, that some would not find it convenient to comply with it.—Many thanks for the papers. One, he will have observed, we had already received.

J. C. H.—All the information we get thus far is satisfactory. He shall hear further as soon as possible by letter.

T. T. S,—His valuable communication is received and will appear next week.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* I am an Abolitionist—a Sonnet; The Little Moles. *Miscellaney:* Toussaint (continued); Goldsmith's Birthplace; Fresh Air; Mineseto; What is a Quarter? Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Letter from Alexander Glennie; Slave Case; English Negropholism. *Selections:* New England Anti-Slavery Convention; Correspondence of Christian Contributor; The Liberty League; Emancipating Slaves by Thousands; Colour in the Catholic Church; Influence of Slavery upon the Prosperity of a State; Extract from Providence Journal; Testimony against Slavery; Brother Jonathan's Mexican Laurels.

SECOND PAGE.—*Communications:* Unitarians; Hester Street Meeting.

Married,

In Washington, D. C. June 22, Hon. L. H. ARNOLD, Governor of Rhode Island, to Miss CATHARINE SHONNARD.

At Friends' Meeting, Bristol, Pa., on the 16th instant, ROBERT W. RICHARDSON, of Columbia county, Pa. to ELIZABETH R. HULME, daughter of the late Samuel Hulme, of Lansdowne, Bucks county.

In Paris, April 30, at the Legation of the United States Rev. ROMEO ELTON, D. D. late Professor in Brown University, Providence, R. I. to Miss PROTHESIA S. GOSS, of London.

In South Natick, Mass. June 22, by the Rev. T. B. Gannett, CHARLES B. SEDGWICK, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Syracuse, N. Y. to DEBORAH WHITE, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In New-Haven, June 16, by Pres. Woolsey, Rev. Dr. LEONARD BACON to Miss CATHARINE E. TERRY, daughter of the late Hon. Nathaniel Terry, of Hartford.

In Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county, Pa. June 14, CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, of Waterville, Oneida county, N. Y. to AMELIA MALVINA BARTLE, daughter of the late Lambert Bartle, of Orwigsburg.

Died,

In Boston, June 18, Mrs. CATHARINE CALLENDER, widow of the late John Callender, Esq.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. June 16, Prof. FRANCIS FLAUVEL GOURAUD, aged 39.

At Madrid, at a very advanced age, PALAFOX, Duke of Saragossa, famous for his desperate defence of that city against the French, in 1808, in which 54,000 Saragossians perished. He it was that sent back the famous answer to the demand for capitulation, "War to the knife!"

In London, April 19, THOMAS BEVON, M. D. member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and F. L. S. aged 43.

In London, May 1, the Hon. HENRIETTA MARIA MILNES, wife of Robert P. Milnes, Esq. and mother of the poet Robert Monckton Milnes, Esq. M. P. aged 66.

At Paris, May 4, Prince HASSEIN BEY, one of the youngest sons of Mehemet Ali, pupil of the Egyptian Institute.

In London, May 20, MARY ANN LAMB, sister of Charles Lamb, and immortalized as the "Cousin Bridget of the "Elia." Miss Lamb was the authoress of "Mrs. Leicester's School"—that delicious Child's Book, and of the "Tales from Shakspeare." She was in her 83d year, having been ten years the senior of her celebrated brother.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Mexican News.

The news from Mexico is of a somewhat different character than that which we have usually received from the seat of war. The Mexicans seem, at length, to have become wise enough not to attempt to compete with their invaders in pitched battle, and have resorted to guerilla warfare.

A company of citizens and soldiers under command of Capt. Bainbridge, were attacked, on the 8th, on the march from Puebla to Vera Cruz. Their baggage-wagon was captured, and some of the party were killed.

A party under Col. McIntosh had also been attacked, and their loss in stores is estimated at $4,000. The specie wagons barely escaped capture.

Gen. Cadwallader, with a force of 800 men, had a desperate skirmish at the same spot where the attack was made upon the party of Capt. Bainbridge. If this guerilla warfare is persisted in, it will doubtless change the aspect of affairs materially.

Santa Anna's resignation of the Presidency had not been accepted. He had again tendered it, and his resignation of the command of the army, but they had not been acted upon to the latest dates.

Great sickness prevails at Vera Cruz among the foreigners.

By an express received at the Sun office on Monday, we have intelligence from Tampico to the 21st instant. The Mexicans are said to be in large force about that city. Information had been received that Scott and Worth had advanced as far as Rio Frio on their way to Mexico.—They were met at that place by a deputation with propositions of peace, but they were rejected.

General Items.

Burden of Riches.—The *Boston Post*, with ready sympathy, says:—"There is a very general sympathy felt for Mr. Gerrit Smith of New-York. He says he has all his life been weighed down by the charge of a great landed property left by his father which has deprived him of a chance to fit himself for the chief magistracy. A relief meeting is proposed of those happy fellows who haven't been weighed down by anything left them by their fathers. We are personally acquainted with some of them, and know that they are ready to bear a part of poor Mr. Smith's burden. As to the Presidency, there are several young members of the Suffolk bar, who, in spite of their immense practice, could find time to *fit* him in season to meet the demands of the people. They are great on constitutional law. We confidently say to Mr. Smith, that he has no occasion to despair."

The Parisian editors are discussing a letter that has been addressed by a negro King in Africa to the young Queen of Spain. In this diplomatic document, he calls her his *sister*, and assures her of his lively sympathy, declaring that Spaniards are the only foreigners whom he ever will permit to reside in his dominions. He sent various presents, and requested in return, from her Majesty, "a pair of scarlet trowsers with a gold stripe, a coat with the tails very long, a cocked-hat with a sweeping red plume, and a cane with a gold head of the size of an orange." Her Majesty has dispatched the desired articles to her *brother*, with the addition of a scarlet cloak trimmed at the neck with gold lace.—*Home Journal.*

A notorious negro man, named Haywood, who murdered W. B. Goodname last Fall, was captured last Saturday week in Gee's Bend, Wilcox county. While his pursuers were attempting to arrest him he shot Mr. Samuel Easley, who died from the wound that evening, and bursted a cap at Mr. James Chamber. He has been lodged in Wilcox jail. Two men have lost their lives in attempts to arrest him, and another, Mr. Patten, was left by him for dead. He is the property of J. W. Bridges, of Wilcox.—*Mobile Herald and Tribune, 15th inst.*

The Slave Chancellor.—The Grand Jury in this case, have found a true bill against John Y. Gibson and James Allen Freeman, the captain and mate of the Chancellor, for serving on board of a slave vessel.

Lynch Law.—The negro man who recently committed an outrage in Franklin county upon a German woman, and then endeavoured to kill her and child, was taken on Thursday last from the jail where he was confined, and hung by the infuriated citizens of the vicinity.—*St. Louis New Era.*

Worthy of Imitation.—On Sunday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Pennington (coloured) preached in the Fourth Congregational Church, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Patton, exchanging with him. This is the first instance in which the courtesy of an exchange has been tendered to Mr. Pennington, by any of his ministerial brethren in this city.—*Charter Oak.*

F. J. Lemoyne is the Liberty party candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, and M. B. Thomas for Canal Commissioner.

☞ Four hundred of the American troops have been *buried* at Santa Fe *since* they took possession of that place.—*Norfolk Co. Amer.*

The Emancipator has no fear that Liberty men will become "better partisans than philanthropists." We have that fear. The tendency of party is always in that direction. And if there is not much of this even now in the Liberty ranks, we have read the omens with little skill.—*Bangor Gaz. (Liberty party paper.)*

The Cockroach Nuisance.—This being the season when the cockroach, the pest of our kitchens, commences its nocturnal excursions, the following recipe may call forth the grateful acknowledgments of those of your readers who suffer from the presence of this loathsome insect:—

"Take a sixpenny loaf of wheat bread—the staler the better—reduce it to a crumb, (of course after paring off the crust) then in a pint of boiling water put two tea spoonfuls of Cayenne pepper, one of pulverized orriseed, half a drachm of saltpetre, the same quantity of white lead, and a wine-glass full of extract of hops. Now throw in your crumb of bread, digest for six hours in a moderate heat; strain through a cloth, add to the liquor 30 drops of tincture of quassia, and let it stand till the next day; then bottle it and keep it in a pantry on a lump of sugar and some dozen lumps strewed around your kitchen, will remove the pest in less than no time.

The Worcester Correspondent of the Wonsocket Patriot says;

The Garrison party held a Convention here Saturday and Sunday last. Some of the most popular speakers among them, were present. Frederick Douglass was expected, but on account of illness could not attend. Strong resolutions, denouncing the churches as anti-Christian, and the Government as anti-Republican, were introduced, disscussed, and adopted by the meeting. Sunday evening C. Remond, of Salem, lectured in the Town Hall on the "Prejudice against colour." Whatever people may think of this (coloured) man, or his principles, all would be compelled, if they had heard his address, to admit that it was candid and able.

The Coloured People of Antigua have lately subscribed seven hundred dollars towards the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard,—from June 12th, to 29th, 1847.

M. Willard, Deerfield, Mass.	$1 00	
Robert Comstock, Uncasville, Ct.	2 00	
Daniel Farnum, Uxbridge, Mass.	1 00	
Ezekiel Wood, "	1 00	
John Woodcock, Leicester, Mass.	1 00	
Samuel May, Jr. "	1 00	
Samuel Rockwood, "	1 00	
Austin Flint, "	1 00	
Sanford Woodcock, "	1 00	
Abraham Firth, Jr. Clappville, Mass.	1 00	
Luke Adams, Barre. "	1 00	
Wm. A. Scott, Leicester, "	1 00	
Henry Willis, Jerico. N.Y.	1 00	
Reuben E. Nichols, E. Medway, Mass.	1 00	
Wright Brownell, New Bedford, Mass.	1 00	
Cecilia Holly, "	1 00	
J. I. Bowdwitch, Boston,	1 00	
Elizabeth W. Williams, Boston,	1 00	
Henrietta Sargent, "	1 00	
Jervis Shove, Fall River, Mass.	3 00	
N. A. Borden, New Bedford, Mass.	1 00	
Charles A. Harrison, "	1 00	
George Coleman, "	1 00	
Sarah Ricketson, "	1 00	
Geo. W. Ross, "	1 00	
Anna Sampson, "	1 00	
Sarah J. Field, "	1 00	
Thomas B. King, Nantucket, Mass.	1 00	
A. D. Piper, Fall River, "	1 00	
Leander Borden, " "	1 00	
Charles Kendall, Bethany Centre, N.Y.	1 00	
E. D. Harding, "	1 00	
Robert Fargo, Stafford, N.Y.	1 00	
Charles H. Babbitt, Warsaw, N.Y.	1 00	
Cornelius Dewitt, "	1 00	
William Whiting, "	1 00	
Ira T. Merrill, Clarendon, N Y	1 00	
John L. Bird, Prospect, Ct.	1 00	
Simeon Kenney, Merrimack, N. H.	1 00	
L. Farnsworth, Fitchburg, Mass.	1 00	
Mary E. Rockwell, Franklin, O.	1 00	
S. N. Bemis, Dummerston, Vt.	1 00	
Stephen Thomas, Cassville, N.Y.	1 00	
L. Bache, Wellsboro, Pa.	1 00	
Ann Maria Long, New Bedford, Mass.	1 00	
Sarah Hunter, "	1 00	
William P. S. Caldwell, "	1 00	
James Williams, "	1 00	
Merwin & Taylor, Newton Falls, O.	1 00	
Wm. Brooke, Marlboro, O.	1 00	
Asa Field, Akron, O.	1 00	
Henry Proctor, Twinsburg,	1 00	
Isaac Flood, New Bedford, Mass.	1 00	
J. Judkins, Barnesville, O.	3 00	
	——	59 00
DONATIONS.		
West Brookfield Anti-Slavery Society,	5 00	
Henry Grew, Philadelphia,	10 00	
Henrietta Sargent, Boston,	15 00	
Sarah S. Russell, West Roxbury Mass. (for Lectures,)	30 00	
Francis Jackson, Boston, pledges,	400 00	
Edmund Jackson, "	100 00	
Eliza F. Merriam, "	15 00	
	——	575 00
Total Amount,		$634 00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel, of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root* of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

$10,000.

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

M. W. Chapman,	*Sarah B Shaw,*
Ann, T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Anna R. Philbrick,*
	Sarah S. Russell.

☞ The list of names will be published in full, in subsequent numbers of the Liberator and Standard.

MEETING ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

An Anti-Slavery meeting will be held in George Corson's Grove, in Plymouth, Montgomery county, Pa. on Sunday, the Fourth of July, commencing at one o'clock. Samuel Aaron, Dr. Kerr, James Ramage, and others, are expected from Norristown, Robert Purvis, from Byberry, James and Lucretia Mott, and others, from Philadelphia. George Corson will have carriages in waiting at Spring Mills on the arrival of the morning cars, to take such as may be going from Philadelphia, and will return them in time to take the evening train back.

A large and interesting meeting is expected.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

We have the pleasure of stating that the place of holding the next annual meeting of the State Society is no longer a matter of doubt. It will be held in NORRISTOWN. The time fixed upon for it to commence, is *Wednesday the 4th of August.* Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and J. N. Buffum from Massachusetts have engaged to be present. The attendance from our own State—judging from the general interest manifested in the meeting—will be large; much larger than at any previous meeting held at that place. The meeting will continue in session probably three days. Arrangements are expected to be made with the railroad officers by which excursion tickets can be had at the usual price, for the benefit of such as may go from the city. Measures will also be taken to secure comfortable accomodation in Norristown without needless expense, for our friends from the country.—*Pa. Freeman.*

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, & CHARLES LENOX REMOND.

Port Byron, Seneca Falls, and Canandaigua.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at PORT BYRON, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27th and 28th, commencing at ten o'clock A. M. on each day; at SENECA FALLS, on Thursday afternoon and evening, July 29th, commencing at ten o'clock, A. M., and continuing through the day and evening.

On Sunday, August 1st, Lectures will be delivered at CANANDAIGUA, in the afternoon and evening by SAMUEL R. WARD, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and CHARLES LENOX REMOND, and on Monday, August 2d, the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation will take place, in which all these gentlemen will participate.

These are the only meetings which FREDERICK DOUGLASS will be able to attend in our State before September. Let there be a general rally at all these Conventions, as I doubt not there will be. It will be a busy season of the year, but we must avail ourselves of such aid when we can get it, and make the most of it.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

Farmington, 6th month, 12, 1847.

WINDHAM COUNTY CONVENTION.

The friends of the slave will hold a convention at Canterbury on the third day of July, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and continuing through the day.

C. C. Burleigh, of Pennsylvania, and others will address the meeting.

Both the friends and the enemies of human freedom are invited to attend.

If there can be a cause for the awakening of the friends now to the preservation of virtue, honour, and honesty, the only sure guarantees of our national existence, that cause exists in our present Mexican relations and the perpetual encroachments of the slave power upon every semblance of Liberty in the land.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, *Prest.*

L. BURLEIGH *Sec.*

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY. FOURTH OF JULY.

The annual meeting of the Old Colony A. S. Society will be held in the Christian Baptist meeting-house, at old Plymouth, on Saturday and Sunday, July 3d and 4th, 1847, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M. and continuing through each day and evening.

Let the citizens and friends of the slave, throughout the Old Colony, be present in overwhelming numbers. A very interesting occasion is anticipated, as Frederick Douglass, C. L. Remond, J. C. Hathaway, P. Pillsbury, and Loring Moody, will be present. The attraction held out is a powerful one. Let Old Plymouth be aroused on this occasion, as she never has been before. Arouse yourselves, then, sons of the Pilgrims, and act worthy of your name and station!

The ladies of Plymouth propose holding a Fair on the occasion, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Anti-Slavery cause. We trust they will be successful.

ELMER HEWITT, *President.*

H. H. BRIGHAM, *Secretary.*

FOURTH OF JULY.

An Anti-Slavery celebration of the Fourth of July, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in ——— Grove, in Waltham, *to take place on Monday, July the 5th.* Let it be made a great and a good day for the sacred cause of Liberty and Human Rights. Let all the lovers of true freedom from the city and the neighbouring towns, and from whatever distance they are able, come to the gathering. The day should be redeemed from the self-glorifying uses to which it has been almost exclusively given, and made a day for the promotion of justice and freedom to all.

It is wished that the refreshments needed on the occasion may be provided on the true pic-nic principle. Let each little party bring its own supply, and all will be supplied. Arrangements will be made for an ample supply of cold water.

We confidently expect a large number of faithful and eloquent speakers in behalf of the cause to be present.

And as *funds* are continually needed to sustain and carry forward our moral warfare, it is earnestly hoped that all present will come prepared to contribute in this respect, thus showing it is not their own pleasure alone they seek, but that they would remember also those to whose bruised hearts, and scarred and bleeding limbs, no day of freedom has ever yet brought relief or joy. Should each one bring no more than the value of the provisions they have been accustomed to contribute on such occasions, a substantial help would be rendered to the Society.

Further particulars as to the speakers, &c. may be expected next week.

In behalf of the Board of Managers

SAMUEL MAY, JR.

Gen. Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society will meet at Princeton, on Saturday and Sunday, July 3d and 4th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday. Stephen S. Foster and William W. Brown have both engaged to be present. Of S. S. Foster's hearty and bold advocacy of the slave's cause, we here say nothing; nor to any who has heard him, of Mr. Brown's eloquent plea for the millions of his countrymen in Slavery. He has served a regular apprenticeship under the patriarchal institution, twenty-one years. How fitting the day!—not to celebrate hypocritically a liberty only in name, but to make real that liberty to all the inhabitants of the land! On Sunday, the day of rest to the people—how blessed to imitate Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound!

We hope to meet a strong array of the true friends of God and Humanity.

JOSHUA T. EVERETT, *President.*

THEODORE P. LOCKE, *Secretary.*

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK

DEAR FRIENDS:—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have decided to prosecute their labours still more vigorously in this State the present year.

The invaluable services of E. D. Hudson, Charles Lenox Remond and Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave, have already been secured, and they will commence the campaign on the First of August. Our old and well-tried friend, William W. Brown will return to our aid on the first of December. In addition to these our distinguished friends William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and James N. Buffum have engaged to spend from the 14th, to the 28th of September, inclusive, in our State, and a particular notice of the time and place of their meetings will be given through the columns of the Standard in due time.

Other able and efficient agents can easily be secured if we can find the means to sustain them and keep their families in bread. Austin Steward, whose untiring exertions have done much in extending the circulation of the Standard, will continue his labours. During the past year a large number of subscribers have been secured to this paper in our State. To those who read it, it is only necessary to say that the same arrangements which have made it the best paper in the State the last year will be continued. Its editor and contributors need no eulogy from my pen. Their past labours are their highest praise and a sure earnest of the future. With your hearty cooperation we intend to more than double the subscription list this year. It can be done. Will you give us your aid? Will "every man work over against his own house?" Let us try the experiment, friends. Every effort to do good at least blesses him who makes it, and gives him greater strength for every successive effort.

A large portion of the funds expended last year were received from out the State. This year our own friends of the cause will be, and are, urged to contribute much more largely, and the Society confidently expects that they will do it willingly and cheerfully. Is it a time to falter now? The SLAVE still groans, and bleeds, and dies. Murderous marauders are still plundering unhappy Mexico, and brutally and ruthlessly killing her defenceless women and children, in the name of a wicked and slaveholding Government, for the purpose of extending and strengthening the unhallowed system of Slavery.

Many of the popular political presses which have in the strongest possible terms denounced the annexation of Texas and its results as unconstitutional, diabolical, and infamous, are now diligently seeking to push the country to the climax of infamy, by shamelessly foisting the name of Zachary Taylor, a man who, by his actions, and position is at the present moment the most perfect incarnation and embodiment of Slavery and slaveholding wars of any man living—before the American people as a suitable candidate for the Presidency of the United

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I AM AN ABOLITIONIST.—A SONNET.

I am an Abolitionist, that name
Which many deem a stigma of disgrace,
I own, without a blush upon my face;
Nay, more than this, I glory in the shame,
And call the dark man brother; who can blame
Truthfully, the recognition? If pride trace
In the rough features of the negro race,
A different lineage than the white can claim,
What saith the Holy Word? God, of one blood
The various nations of the earth, hath made;
From the same fountain flows the vital flood.
Away distinctions then of form and shade;
The Slave his birth-right asks, his claim is good,
Why should his enfranchisement be delay'd?

JAMES STILLMAN.

From the People's Journal.

THE LITTLE MOLES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When grasping tyranny offends,
Or angry bigots frown;
When rulers plot for selfish ends
To keep the people down;
When Statesmen form unholy league
To drive the world to war;
When knaves in palaces intrigue
For ribbons or a star:
We raise our heads, survey their deeds,
And cheerily reply—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground:
There's sunshine in the sky.

When canting hypocrites combine
To curb a free man's thought,
And hold all doctrine undivine
That holds their canting naught;
When round their narrow pale they plod,
And scornfully assume
That all without are cursed of God,
And justify the doom:
We think of Heaven's eternal love,
And strong in hope reply—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground:
There's sunshine in the sky.

When greedy authors wield the pen
To please the vulgar town—
Depict great thieves as injured men
And heroes of renown;
Pander to prejudice unclean,
Apologize for crime,
And daub the vices of the mean
With flattery like slime:
For MILTON'S craft for SHAKSPEARE'S tongue
We blush, but yet reply—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground:
There's sunshine in the sky.

When smug philosophers survey
The various climes of earth,
And mourn—poor sagelings of a day—
Its too prolific birth;
And prove, by figure, rule, and plan,
The large fair world too small
To feed the multitudes of man
That flourish on its ball:
We view the vineyards on the hills,
And corn-fields waving high—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground;
There's sunshine in the sky.

When men complain of human kind,
In misanthropic mood,
And thinking evil things, grow blind
To presence of the good;
When, walled in prejudices strong,
They urge that evermore
The world is fated to go wrong,
For going wrong before:
We feel the truths they cannot feel,
And smile as we reply—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground;
There's sunshine in the sky.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER XII.

We pass over a portion of the history of the times in which much was realized, that we have seen in a state of preparation. The flag of England soon floated in the South, West, and North, and the arrival of a large fleet seemed to insure an entire conquest. Ten thousand emigrants and Creoles, furious enemies of the Revolution, began a war of revenge, which exceeded in horror all that preceded it.—Places were won and lost amidst countless cruelties. Retaliation produced retaliation. New mixtures of classes, new divisions of parties took place. Negroes and mulattoes fought on the side of the whites.—Regiments were formed with the strangest mingling of races, from the utter black of Senegambia, to the fair complexion of old England and Germany, and in opposition to them appeared troops equally strangely mixed, negroes and mulattoes of the four-and-eighty grades, and the children of France from the Garonne and the Rhine. To these were joined adventurers from all lands, who, making France a refuge for their passions and errantry, fought as volunteers in the name of freedom in La Vendee, Belgium, Spain, Italy, and St. Domingo.

The English, however, made victorious progress. Even Port-au-Prince, with its marine, loaded with wealth, fell into their hands. With this loss terminated the part Santonax and Polverel had played in St. Domingo. Their misfortunes at last shook their resolution; and when the corvette, Hope, cast anchor in the harbour of Jacmel, and her captain, Chambon, produced the order of the National Convention for the arrest of the Commissaries, they surrendered. When the Corvette disappeared with them, General de la Veaux remained sole Governor and commander on the Island; but how was this brave old republican to make head at the same time against the Spaniards and the negroes in the North, and the English in the West and South? The war became a confused scene of skirmishes and cruelties. The whole North was lost to the Cape, which la Veaux with difficulty maintained against the Spaniards, while Rigaud, at the head of the mulattoes, again wrested St. Marcs from the English, and fortunately prevented them from penetrating into the interior. A fearful ally appeared on the native side, the same, of which Rigaud had warned the young Abercrombie. That terrible plague, the yellow fever, was more fatal to the conquerors than the sword of the foe. Of the companies of emigrants, of the Irish legions of the English regiments, of the unfortunate seamen, who from time to time appeared in the large fleets, and exposed their hardy Northern frames to the damp yet glowing heat of these coasts, and to the miasma of their lagoons and swamps, in a few months only a few sickly remnants remained. But it was a cardinal point of Pitt and his party to wrest this rich Island from the Republic, and thus to inflict an incurable wound on France, to allay the discontents in England, by presenting this brilliant conquest as the best reply to the violent accusations of the Whigs, and as an ample compensation for all his great pecuniary sacrifices. The easier the conquest had been thought to be, and the harder it became, only the more eager was the desire in London to secure it. New fleets and treasure were sent off, and all disappeared in the same grave. But at last it seemed as if fortune was about to reward the perseverance of the English, and indemnify them for the loss of so many brave men and so much wealth, and as they now proceeded slowly but securely in the work of conquest, Europeans were made use of only in the strong holds and healthiest places, while, by means of gold, the England secured the help of numbers of the natives, the negroes from the Mornes of Lahotte, under their leaders, Hyacynthe and Jean Kisson, mulattoes, formerly slaves, and the planters who followed Charmilly and Jumecourt.

It was about the time when Rigaud and his friends, retreating step by step, were carrying on in the valleys and, amidst the rocks that part the West from the South, a desperate conflict with the savage negro allies of the English, and when the West of the Island had almost entirely yielded to the latter, and only a small space in the North between the Cape and the Mole St. Nicholas, was maintained by General de la Veaux, who daily swore that he would bury himself under the ruins of the last fort,—it was at this point of time that Vincent, who, as aid of the General, possessed his entire confidence, was hastening one evening with quick steps through the streets of the Cape. The place was rising anew out of the ruins and rubbish of the conflagration, for it was no easy thing to root out man and his activity from a spot, where, amidst war and death, those treasures were produced from its soil, for which the hand of the trader is eagerly extended. The spirit of commerce was mightier than the grimmest hate. Negroes and mulattoes had taken charge of plantations upon their own account, and the generous soil returned a speedy and ample reward for the culture bestowed on it. Besides, notwithstanding the stout blockade kept up by the English cruises, small and swift sailing schooners from America, and even Spaniards and Englishmen under the thirteen stars, ran into the port, and stole away again with rich cargoes. The vicinity of the harbour first rose from its ruins, and then many returned who had escaped the bloody night. And in a little while, so rapid was the improvement, only the great remains of the churches, and convents, and the palace-like mansions of the proud barons and noblemen who had fled, or were now fighting in the English ranks, showed marks of desolation.

With eyes cast down, Vincent passed by the mansion of Charmilly, the sight of which gave him the acutest pain. And yet he could not help glancing at the melancholy ruins. From the empty window-frames, how often had a beloved one greeted him, and exchanged those stolen signs, the language of love. The place was now so fearfully lonely, and yet it spoke so vividly of that day, when amidst blood and ruins, he searched every corner for Helen that he turned, and was hastening away, with all speed, when he heard his name softly called.

"Citizen Vincent, Reginald de Vincent, is it not you, my dear friend?" whispered a female voice, and as he looked up to the house, a graceful figure leaned at the window where Helen was wont to appear and wave her hand to him. In the uncertain light he could not recognize the features, he saw only the white garments, and the apparition at once surprising him and yet answering to his present thoughts, showing itself at a spot so painfully dear to him, wrung from him a cry of amazement.

Now, for the first time, as he rushed into the house, he remarked some signs of its having been partially repaired. A stupid old half-white servant met him, to whom he paid no regard, but rushing through one door after another, he at last reached the large saloon, and there suddenly stood before him, the Marchioness de Borel. His outstretched arms fell, his eyes were instantly cast down, and the lips, from which the name of Helen was just about to burst, were shut with a convulsive quiver; the haughty woman threw on him an eager look, and then seized his hand, and led him to a seat, where, collecting himself as he could, he placed himself beside her.

"My poor friend," said the Marchioness, calmly, "I have unintentionally opened rudely, a scarcely scarred wound, but before I condole with you, let me explain my being here. You know, that I escaped in that dreadful night when so many of my friends perished. You know, too, how my husband busied himself in Port-au-Prince, with a horrible plan to restore the old tyranny. He escaped the justice he deserved, by flight, and I sought to allay the wrath of the Commissaries, by proofs of my devotion to the sacred cause of liberty. I succeeded in getting cancelled, the act of confiscation which had been framed upon my estate, and I was fortunate enough to sell all that I possessed, to some wealthy mulattoes, of the families of the Azors, and Pages. The money I received, as well as some considerable sums, which I had secured at an earlier period, were to be put in a place of safety, so I went to New-York, and have but recently returned, to look after the remnant of my property in the North. Once, my dear Vincent, I was held to be the richest heiress in this Island, and although I have lost much, I have not lost all. When I succeeded in landing at the Cape, some weeks ago, from a smuggling vessel, I found my house levelled with the ground, and where it once stood, stood a battery and a magazine. Charmilly's mansion lay in ruins here, but it was not difficult, with some cost and trouble, to make some of these rooms habitable, and no one hindered me. While I was making these repairs, another proprietor appeared, who put in a prior claim, the Abbé de la Haye, who had established himself here, in company with a multitude of insects, birds, and rats. We concluded a treaty of alliance. He leaves to me this suite of rooms, and I receive him as a guest, at my table, a very acceptable arrangement for the poor Abbé, who had been living for some time, with all the frugality of one of the Church-fathers."

"I am very glad," said Vincent, "to come across this hermit. I have been seeking him this long while."

"And you find at the same time, an involuntary third party," exclaimed the Marchioness, smiling, "who has sought you for a long time, without being able to find you. But how shall I convince you, that I have always been your friend? But you," she continued, "you have much to explain to me. When my house was the resort of all that was brilliant, and beautiful, how vain were all the notes, entreaties, and messages I sent you. I can never forget the dreadful night, when your courage, and the magnanimity of the old negro Toussaint, saved us all. O, tell me, have you ever heard of him since; that wonderful old creature?"

Vincent replied, that he had a short time before, heard that Colonel Toussaint was at Port Dauphin, where he was calling back, in the name of Jean François, and in union with the newly established Spanish authorities, the French, who had fled to America, to whom safety and protection were promised.

"Port Dauphin!" cried the Marchioness. "Don't you know that in that neighbourhood I have a large property, and what would I not give to him who regained it for me!" She fixed her eyes on Vincent. "Do you not feel that our fates," she added, "are similar? You have lost your beloved, I, my husband."

'With this difference," replied Vincent, gloomily, "that Helen is torn from me forever, while the Marquis is still among the living."

"To me," she answered, "he is dead—forever. A traitor to freedom, and his country,—a man who has acted like a maniac, and ended like a fool, can no longer be my husband. O! my dear Vincent, do you remember the night when we stood together on the terrace at Breda, and I foretold to you all that has since happened? I knew how Charmilly thought,—I knew his ambitious, proud heart, and all his plans. I felt that your love would be unfortunate, like mine."

At this moment, a step was heard approaching, and Vincent recognized the voice of the Abbé de la Haye, who appeared at the door, and greeted Vincent most warmly.

Vincent was greatly relieved at this interruption of his tête-a-tête with the beautiful Marchioness. The Abbé was the same short, comfortable, waggish person as ever, except that he had parted with some of his superfluous flesh, and his sunken eyes spoke of care and sleeplessness.

When Vincent expressed his concern, at the altered appearance of the worthy priest, the latter cast a sorrowful look at his own shrunken figure, and then said, in a melancholy tone: "Ah! how much time and toil, did it cost, to build up this once goodly-sized body. By St. Francis, I doubt whether nature required greater revolutions, and what not of fire and water, to build up the Andes or Cordilleras. Mordio! When I think of it, I am almost crazy; for twenty years, I nourished and nursed it, and every year, in moistening this clay, spent some ten thousand livres! And now it is all gone, all!" he sorrowfully exclaimed, stroking his meagre form, which certainly now gave no indication of the care once bestowed upon it. "It was a vineyard," he continued, "that bore witness to my industry, a temple, reared to the praise of the Lord and his mercies, a mirror, to show how much a man may do, when he lives long, and it goes well with him in the land, a mark for all the world."

"But somewhat of a burden, under a West India sky," said Vincent.

"Not a bit!" replied the Priest, "never has man uttered a greater calumny, than a certain Shakspeare, against that worthy knight, Falstaff. I wager, the sneering comedian was moved by pure chagrin, because he himself, was a spindle-legged churl. Look around, please, and ask the popular voice, which is the voice of God, what its judgment is upon fat and lean. Fat exhibits the worthiest qualities, good nature, honesty, sincerity, all the fine sentiments and virtues. Have you ever heard, or read, of a fat villain? Had Adam and Eve only been fat and comfortable, we should all now now have been sitting in Paradise together. Leanness is the cause of all mischief. It ought to be the rule of all Governments to force all lean folks to grow fat. If this happy rule had been applied here among the negroes, we should have all been living now in peace and quietness."

"But to what ill luck," said Vincent, laughing, shall we attribute the strange fact, of a man originally good and fat, turning into a poor, lean creature?"

"My friend," said the Priest, "the fat man has a heart for the miseries of the lean, and he cannot laugh, when he sees all around him weeping. Here have I been living for months, with creatures who envied me the few drops of blood in my veins, or the bit of hard bread I possessed. I gave freely. From the great fire, however, I saved nothing but the manuscript of my work on this Island, so I wrote on, without observing that I grew leaner every day, the more I wrote, and that some day I should become like the voice of poor Echo, having nothing left of me, but the shadow of my hand with the pen in it, had not our beautiful friend here come, and delivered me from care and trouble."

In the meanwhile, a couple of servants were setting a table, towards which the merry eyes of the Abbé often glanced, and when now some smoking dishes, and a basket containing some flasks, were brought in, he rose, and drew his chair towards the table, and declared with great solemnity, that it was his firm determination, to withdraw as soon as possible from all alliance with the lean, an alliance by no means pleasing to him, and that he had taken an oath to do all that in him lay to this end.

The worthy Abbé did honour to his vow, and the eatables vanished rapidly. The tender looks which the Marchioness cast on Vincent, did not escape La Haye, whose droll, half-earnest raillery, only increased the liveliness of the conversation. Not until a late hour did they separate. At parting, the Abbé was startled at having slipped into his hand by Vincent, a bit of paper, with an intimation of secresy. As soon as he reached his chamber, and lighted his lamp, and chased away the rats, and moths, and musquitoes, and centipedes, he opened the paper, and read these words: "In the name of the Commander-in-chief, General de la Veaux, the citizen and Priest La Haye, is required to present himself about seven o'clock, to-morrow morning, at the residence of the Chief of Batallion, Vincent, and hold himself ready to execute a commission in the name of the country. The strictest secrecy is enjoined upon Citizen La Haye."

"This is treating an old friend, officially, truly officially," said the Priest, "but it is not very friendly to a curious old man, who has set his heart upon growing fat, to leave him to wonder, and rack his brains for a whole night." "And what," he added, "were those looks and words, which the young republican was exchanging with the crafty Creole beauty. Apage Satanas and where is my night-cap. I'll have a talk with him to-morrow."

CHAPTER XIII.

We see the worthy Abbé the next day, on board a small, swift-sailing sloop, just coming, with a favourable wind, from the bay of the Cape, and steering in a northerly direction, along the coast. The day was fine. The worthy ecclesiastic had lain aside his priestly garment, and on the present occasion, he appeared in an old faded green coat, with loose nankeen pantaloons, and waistcoat. His white hair was tied into a club, after the fashion of the time, and he wore a green hat, a sombrero, with a huge brim. He wore the appearance of a quiet citizen, and seemed, from the frequent glances which he cast at his own attire, to be not a little amused at his strange metamorphosis. He threw himself back under the awning, looked towards the sky, and the waves over which the light vessel danced like a cork, threw out a cloud of cigar smoke from his mouth and nose, and cast an impatient glance towards the entrance to the little cabin; at which another individual now appeared, in the same ordinary array. It was Vincent. The Abbé burst into a laugh, at the odd figure he made. His rich hair was tied up in a stiff queue, which stuck out over the collar of his coat. His slender, military form, however, but ill harmonized with his dress, and the soldier was visible under all attempts at disguise.

"Madre de dios!" exclaimed La Haye, "strike these Spaniards with blindness, and work a miracle for thy poor sons, or we shall be discovered at once, and seized as spies."

"But you know, worthy Sir," said Vincent, "that we expect to find a friend, in whom we can rely."

"But are you sure," said the Abbé, "that that son of Satan, that Toussaint, will let himself be found at Port Dauphin?"

"He has been there several days," replied Vincent, "and some weeks ago, I heard from him in reference to our present errand. It is impossible for us to keep this soil much longer. We are confined to the merest point now. It is true Rigaud and the mulattoes have had some success against the English; still the English press on, step by step, and here in the North, our situation is very desperate. In this emergency, pressed on all sides as we are, I received a letter from Toussaint. It begins with deploring the losses of the French, and with shrewd remarks upon past errors. In conclusion, it expresses the trouble its author feels, in having to fight against his country, and it invites me to seek him out at Port Dauphin, where he has much to say to me. You know, my worthy Sir, that the Spaniards have invited the inhabitants to return, promising them safety, and the restoration of their property. This circumstance, Toussaint writes, makes it easy for us to go in our present disguise to that place, where vessels are continually arriving with the fugitives, who are very kindly received. I communicated the whole matter to the General, and received a commission to make this trip, with you for a companion."

"A precious commission!" muttered the Priest. "It may cost honest people hair and hide."

"No one," replied Vincent, "understands the blacks better than you; no one has done more for the great cause of freedom and peace."

The Abbé was somewhat flattered by this remark and besides, there was no alternative, so he passed to another subject, and began to caution Vincent against the intimacy, which he fancied he had discovered the day before, between the young officer and the fair Marchioness. At first, the protestations of Vincent, in reply to his cautions, only confirmed the Abbé's suspicions. But as the latter, after discoursing awhile upon the perils that lay in that quarter, found his companion falling asleep, at first he became angry, but instantly his anger was turned to mirth. "By St. Francis!" he exclaimed, "I might have saved myself the time and trouble. He does not love the beautiful Jezebel, that's plain. He would not fall asleep, while anything is said of the lady, whether good or bad."

And with this comfort, he too yielded to the soothing influence of the rippling waves, and fell into a half slumber, from which he was aroused by the loud voices of the seamen, as the vessel was just about to run into the harbour of Port Dauphin.—Vincent was standing on the forward deck, in conversation with five or six passengers, inhabitants of the place, who were rejoicing in the prospect of return. Soon the little city rose close before them, with its old powder-towers, and the harbour was swarming with every variety of craft. Little notice was taken of the little barge-like vessel, which shortly took in sail, and lay alongside boats of the same description. Our two travellers avoiding notice, sought to get on shore. But observation they would have attracted, had not a strange spectacle at that moment caught all eyes. From the heights, a large column of black warriors was seen approaching, with Jean François, Grand Admiral of France, at their head. He was accompanied by several officers, a body of negro leaders, and some monks, among whom was the Prior Vasques, the confessor of the black General, and as the place was too small to receive this huge mass of men, unexpectedly appearing, they halted, and were preparing to encamp, while their wild clamour filled many hearts with alarm. In general, however, it was rather curiosity, and a natural feeling of uneasiness, than any definite fear, that was depicted on the faces of the white citizens. The place had a small Spanish garrison, and the authorities appointed by the Marquis Hermonas, had guarantied the safety of those who had returned. Besides, all had mounted cockades, similar to those worn by the blacks.

Just as Vincent and his companion set foot on shore, a large body of singing and yelling negroes passed by. They were led by a Priest, who with great devotion, was holding his crucifix, and pressing it to his lips. They filled up the whole street, as they passed. They ran down whatever stood in their way, and some seamen, who did not get out of the way with due speed, were roughly handled. La Haye drew Vincent into the porch of a house, and held him fast, while the blacks were passing, who threw fierce looks at them, and laughed, and clenched their fists, and brandished their weapons. Vincent saw an expression of no ordinary alarm, on the countenance of the Abbé, who at last exclaimed, "would to Heaven, my son, we were away from this place."

"The horde has gone by," said Vincent. "I see no danger."

"Because you do not know the negroes as I do. When the passions of these naturally good creatures are not excited, they are a parcel of children, full of fun and foolery, but do you not see how they are stirred up now? Their eyes sparkle, their nostrils dilate, their weapons tremble in their hands, they are gloating over the prospect of giving way to all their brutality. I am a fool to be here, and more stupid than Balaam's ass, if I go a step further."

"But what do you fear, Abbè?" said Vincent.

"I do not know what," replied the old man. "I dare not say what I think; it is too horrible, and the saints may give the lie to all my forebodings. But look there in the outer harbour, see how those vessels are making sail, and seeking to get out to sea. Let us go back, whatever is in the wind, will be, must be, horrible."

He seized Vincent's hand and drew him along.—The latter knew not what to think. He was aware of the Abbè's intimate knowledge of the negroes, and he had nothing to oppose to his old friend's fears. Reluctantly he followed the Abbè until they stood among a group of seamen and frightened citizens, who were collected near the shipping, and who were repeating various and alarming rumors. Suddenly Vincent was seized by the arm. He turned and saw a negro, who looked intently at him, and then whispered: "Follow, Massa, quick, I have orders to lead you to my master, who waits for you."

"You are mistaken, my friend," replied Vincent, who began to fear a discovery, "I know no one here."

"Massa officer," replied the black, showing his teeth, and grinning at the embarrassment of a white man, "That's the good father from Dondon. Know him well—know all. Follow, Massa, you are wanted."

The Abbè, who was talking with the seamen, now turned around, but the instant he saw the negro his face brightened. "Praised be the Lord," said he, "and all who believe in him. This is Mars-Plaisir, the faithful servant of our friend.—Forward, my son, we will follow. The harbour is closed," whispered he, "we cannot get off that way."

Mars-Plaisir went rapidly forward through several streets. Just as they entered the square on which stood the Church of St. Peter, there came to the door, a black who stalked pompously forth in all the array of a General officer. He administered a blow with his fist to a black sentinel who was not sufficently prompt in presenting arms, and called out to a white citizen standing near, who forgot to take off his hat. With this jealous regard for his dignity, he turned an angry look upon our little party as they passed, but his eye rested on Vincent, who could not help looking at the black in return.

Vincent recognized him at once. It was no other than his old friend Macaya, who shouted after him: "Holla! Citizen, there,—it is you, Mr. officer!—Spies, you are! Stop, I say, General Macaya wants to speak with you." Seeing that the persons addressed only made greater haste, he ripped out an oath, and began to run after them, but his huge spurs played him a trick, one caught the other, and the General tumbled to the earth; and when he recovered his feet, the pursued had vanished, and at that moment Jean François, with his suit, and Father Vasque, came out at the church door.

Jean François appeared to be deeply moved. His eyes gleamed with fanatical fury. In his clasped hands he held a rosary.

"What is the matter with your Excellency?" said the Prior to Macaya, who was just then adjusting his military hat, "your Highness appears to have had a bad fall?"

"Where is he?" cried the furious black.—"Did'nt you see him, Father? He was here—they both ran that way, and would not obey me."

"Have you seen evil spirits, honoured Sir?" asked the Monk.

"Spies! devils! the cursed hereties, Father."

"Who?" cried Vasques, amazed.

"The Massa Officer, whom they call, at the Cape, Citizen Vincent," replied Macaya, "and another. O! I know him well, the massa! No, I am not mistaken, Father, and the other I know still better. This Vincent it was, who engaged us for the Commissaries. But I stayed with you, because you knew the value of Macaya, and made him a General. By my poor soul! Father, the other was the Priest of Dondon."

Jean François called to his guard to pursue the fugitives, but Vasques whispered to him—"Do n't you know, gracious Sir, that this faithful Macaya, pious Christian as he is, has the failing sometimes of drinking too much, and then he fancies he sees hereties everywhere?"

"But to-day he appears to be unusually rational," answered Jean François.

"And what if it really is as you say," continued the Spanish priest. "We will raise our hands in thanksgiving to the mother of God and the saints, that they have sent two criminals more to the great day of punishment, but we will not seek them out, for they cannot escape. You have made all the arrangements, my son?"

"All, father, that a poor sinner can do for the honour of God and his saints, to exterminate the hereties, so that not one may remain," returned Jean François. "My troops surrounded the city, and for every house—we have numbered them all—a small division is appointed."

"But tell me, father," added the black, "are all these people enemies of God? I pray you, tell me, are there not some innocent ones. Are they all damned? He spoke in a tone which betrayed the doubts that burdened his mind.

But the Spanish Priest was stronger in the faith than the run-away slave. "Faithful servant of God," said Vasques, "chosen from thousands, keep thyself from the temptations of the devil, who would allure thee to weakness. I tell thee, my son, all these accursed people are regicides, heretics, and Jews. Thou pittiest the young? Know, that they drew in the poison with their mothers' milk. No, my son, no useless sympathy with these wretches, who deserve death without mercy. Eor every offering of a heretic, you will attain a thousand years earlier to the joys of Paradise."

The uneasiness of Jean François was not wholly dissipated. "But if we only had not promised life and security to these heretics," he murmured.

"It was the will of Heaven," replied the Monk. "Thou seest how Heaven favours us. They deliver themselves into our hands."

"But Toussaint Breda," said the General, "have you told him what we intend?"

"No," returned Vasques. "He is a pious Christian, but you yourself said that you had rather he knew nothing of it."

"True, good Father," exclaimed the black. "He is pious, but he is old, and I like not to hear his counsel often. And I pray you, Vasques, let him remain a Colonel. It would vex me to see him a General. I have commanded him to go to the camp at Marmelade. I will not have him share in our glory."

"Prudent friend," said the Priest, smiling, "I will be thy adviser. Thou hatest this man, because he plays the schoolmaster. He shall mount no higher than he is. But let us hasten. Accompany me to the troops. They shall receive my blessing, and then for the signal."

"As they crossed the square, Toussaint passed on horseback at a little distance. Two blacks and two mounted Spaniards followed him. He drew up for a moment, as if about to address Jean François and his companion, but quickened his pace, as he saw soldiers, approaching, and soon reached the gate, where the guard gave way to the well-known officer.

They proceeded through the fields, and suddenly they heard drums and pipes echoing along the walls through the whole line of the black army. Toussaint gave his horse the bit, and darted off like an arrow. His companions, though well-mounted, followed him at full speed, but without coming up with him.

As they entered the mountainous region, and the road became rugged and steep, the ride, which had resembled a flight, grew more slow. At the foot of the first of these steep heights, the Spaniards and negroes saw Toussaint already at the top, motionless on his white steed, with his face turned towards the city and the sea.

In this position they found him when they reached the spot where he stood. The negroes kept at a respectful distance, but the others rode up to him, and one familiarly took him by the arm.

The homely features of this singular man were intensely animated, as he turned to his companions.

"Let me alone a moment," he said, raising his hand to his forehead, when he had taken off his cap and loosened the handkerchief which he always wore round his head.—"My friend, Vincent, my worthy Citizen La Haye, praise to God! there are two lives saved, two dear lives! The miscreants! Heaven forgive them!"

"What is the matter?" asked Vincent. "Why was it necessary that we should fly so hastily, and in this disguise?"

Toussaint drew himself up. "I doubted and wavered," said he, "but from this moment I hesitate no longer. Holy mother of God! thou knowest my heart. No! these murderous men are no Christians, they are not human! They are bloodthirsty brutes, and now," turning to Vincent, "I am yours. I will listen to your proposals. Thank God, my friend, for your rescue. Down there," and he pointed to the city, "there breathes now no Frenchmen, they have murdered them all."

(To be continued.)

From Howitt's Homes and Haunts of the English Poets.

GOLDSMITH'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Pallasmore, then, where Oliver Goldsmith was born, is a mere cluster of two or three cottages, called in Ireland farm-houses, but which, to an English eye, would present only the appearance of huts. The place lies quite out of the track of high-roads, about a mile and a half from Ballymahon in a direct line, but perhaps three, taking in all the windings of the ways to it. It is now the property of the Edgeworths. There is nothing remarkable in the aspect of the country. It is rather flat, naked of trees, and cultured by small tenants. It was with some difficulty that I got at it. My car-driver from Edgeworthstown knew nothing more of it than its name, and we had proceeded somewhat beyond the proper turning as it lay quite off the highway, and were obliged to obtain permission to pass through the park of Newcastle, in order to each it without making great circuit. Having approached to within half a mile of it, a peasant pointed it out, as a group of white cottages standing in a clump of trees. The lanes were now become so narrow and stony that I was obliged to quit my car, as Mr. Prior describes himself to have done, and proceed across the fields on foot. I passed along the deep, stony, and narrow lanes, here and there a regular Irish cabin sticking in the bank, the coming out of the door, or issuing from the thatched roof, about on a level with the fields above. A boy, who was teaching school in one of these, came out with his book in his hand, and directed me into a foot-path across the fields. Here I advanced through the standing corn, and at length reached this out-of-the-world spot, dignified with the sounding title of Pallasmore. Here about three whitewashed cottages, of a superior description to the cabins I had passed in the narrow lanes, stood amid a number of ash-trees, looking out over an ordinary sort of country. A man the inhabitant of one of them, advanced to show me the spot where the poet was born. He plunged into a potatoe-field, and at a few hundred yards from the cottages, in the bank of the next field, showed me a few stones, like the foundation of a wall, which have the reputation of being the sole remains of the house where the poet was born. Poets are, certainly, often born in odd places, but it certainly did strike me strangely, that the man who was destined to spend the greater portion of his life in the dense crowd of London, should have sprung out of this obscure and almost inaccessible location. There is nothing in the view around to suggest to the mind of any the most faint dream of poetry. Oliver Goldsmith, however, was a mere infant when first removed from this place. His father, two years after his birth, succeeded, on the death of his wife's uncle, to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to Lissoy; but Oliver was accustomed to come thither, and made considerable sojourns with his brother Henry, who lived here when Oliver was grown up. The house is said to have been a good country house, looking upward Forney Church, at which Oliver's father and brother used to preach, and which still rises to view between it and some distant woods, one of the most pleasing objects of the scene.

Popular tradition ascribes the utter destruction of the house to the fairies, who, on its becoming untenanted, used to take up their quarters there, and pursue their nocturnal sports in great content. But a tenant being found, and repairs of the house being commenced, a huge man in huge Jack-boots used to come every night, and making a horse of it by bestriding the roof, would push his legs through the tile, and, imitating galloping, shake the roof to pieces. It was therefore obliged to remain empty, till, falling into ruin, it was at length cleared clean away, with the exception of these few stones.

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From the higher part of the road, approaching Lissoy, you see the Shannon hastening on towards the west. Presently, at a turn of the road, we passed the public house said to be that alluded to in The Deserted Village, and were in that "very beautiful place," Lissoy. It consists, in fact, of a few common cottages by the road side, on a flat, and by no means particularly interesting scene. A few hundred yards beyond these cottages stand, at some distance from the road, the ruins of the house where Goldsmith's father lived, and which continued in the family till 1802, when it was sold by Henry, the son of Henry, Oliver Goldsmith's brother, the nephew of the poet, who had gone to America. This house was described in 1790, by the Rev. Mr. Hancock, of Athlone, who was intimately acquainted with the Goldsmith family, and, indeed, managed their property for them, as "a snug farm-house, in view of the high road, to which a straight avenue leads, with double rows of ash-trees, six miles northeast of this town—Athlone." The farm is still held under the Naper family, by a nephew of Goldsmith at present in America. In the front view of the house is the "decent church" of Kilkenny West, that literally "tops the neighbouring hill;" and in a circuit of not more than half a mile diameter around the house, are "the never-failing brook," "the busy mill," "the hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade," "the brook with mantling cresses spread," "the straggling fence that skirts the way, with blossomed furze unprofitably gay," "the thorn that lifts its head on high, where once the sign-post caught the passing eye," "the house where nut-brown draughts inspired;" in short, every striking object of the picture.

FRESH AIR.—Horace Mann has well said—"People, who shudder at a flesh-wound, and a trickle of blood, will confine their children like convicts, and compel them month after month, to breathe quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of our children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours in a day, the lifeless and poisoned air of some of our school-rooms. Let any man, who votes for confining children in small rooms, and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only four times over; and, if medical aid be not at hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards."—*New Haven Palladium.*

MINESOTA.—The name of the new territory of Minesota, is the Sioux name of the St. Peter's river, and composed of the words, *mi-ne* water, and *sotah*, turbid, in contradistinction from the reddish tinge which muddy streams generally have. At the junction of the St. Peter's with the Mississippi, especially in the high waters of the spring, the difference in the colour of the stream is quite perceptible at a distance of four or five hundred yards. So says a writer in the *Galena Advertiser*, supposed to be Henry R. Schoolcraft, Indian Agent.

WHAT IS A QUARTER?—The quarter of wheat or corn, cited in accounts of English markets, is generally estimated at eight bushels. The exact measure is eight bushels and forty-eight one-hundreths of a bushel, or about eight bushels and a half. The quarter is a term used originally to express the fourth part of a load, grain or corn having been formerly, and is now frequently estimated by the load.

"The average amount of money in refused letters amounts to four hundred thousand pounds per annum. Many thousand pounds were yearly found in letters which had adsolutely no address upon them whatever."—*Rowland Hill.* [We should like to know where all this money goes.]

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The noble Marquis, (Westmeath,) a night or two since, in the Lords, alluded to the execution of the wretched woman Foster, at Bury. It appears, that is, according to the perceptions of the Marquis, that the people were so horrified by the protracted suffering of the woman, that they exclaimed, 'Shame, shame! murder, murder!' The Marquis is assuredly in error. The people did not by such exclamations rebuke the unskilfulness of the hangman, but the stupid wickedness of a barbarous law—a law proved to be wholly ineffectual in its implied end, that of teaching a respect for the solemnity of human life, by judiciously killing the offender. How many that composed the enormous crowd at Bury were awed into respect for the law by the convulsive agonies of one expiring woman? What feeling possessed the crowd as it broke up? Why, a feeling of disgust at the punishment, mingled with sympathy for the criminal. And this is the majesty of the law! The Judge dons a black cap when he passes sentence. A cap and bells would be more in keeping with the hideous mockery of common sense and common humanity.—*Punch.*

A ROYAL PHILOSOPHER.—Prince Mourad Ali, the 85th son of Feth Ali, Schah of Persia, who had 104 children, of whom 39 are still living, died lately at Khoi, a small town of Persia, at no very advanced age. On the decease of his father in 1831, and the accession of Abbas Mirza, the eldest son, to the throne, Mourad Ali left the court of Persia, and retired into one of the provinces, where he lived in a comparatively humble style. He was a man of a cultivated understanding, and employed himself chiefly in astronomy. A few years ago a treatise on the prognostics of the weather, written by him, was published at Tauris.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES!—A Brussels journal announces, that an hotel keeper and his wife, having been prosecuted for assassinating a traveller, and converting his dead body into sausages, were found guilty, with the addition of extenuating circumstances. The French journal, the *Reforme*, copies the above statement, and observes, that no doubt the "extenuating circumstances" were, that the convicted parties were induced to commit a murder in order to feed their fellow-creatures in this period of universal distress.

THE REPEAL BLARNEY—SYMPTOMS OF WINDING UP.—The remnant of the expiring faction that still clings to Constitution-hall, met on Monday, at the usual hour. A letter from Mr. J. O'Connell, announcing that an improvement had taken place in his father's health, and that the honourable and learned gentleman had gone to Folkestone for the purpose of embarking for the continent, was read; but on an application being made to the Secretary for the usual duplicate copy of the letter furnished to the members of the press, Mr Ray replied that he had no clerk left to discharge the duty, and that the original had been given to the *Freeman's Journal*. The allowance of pens and paper to the reporters has been cut off, and everything betokens a speedy wind up of this bankrupt humbug. The rent for the week amounted to £21 19s 1d.—*Times.*

Letters from Rome mention the intention of the Pontiff to give a municipal constitution to that city. Preparations were also making to introduce gas-lighting.

A ROYAL POET.—The *Journal des Debats* announces, that the King of Bavaria is about to publish a fourth volume of poems.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage, of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many; pokers, tongs, and all—keep them all going.—*Dr. E. D. Clarke.*

When you have lived half a century, you will have seen many instances in which he who finds time for everything—for punctuality in all the relations of life, for the pleasures of society, for the cultivation of literature, for every rational amusement—is the same man who is the most assiduous and the most successful in the active pursuits of his profession.—Sir R. Peel—*Inaugural Address*, Glasgow, 1837.

A NOVELTY AT COURT.—At the late drawing-room the circumstance was remarked as very singular that the Turkish Minister brought his wife to Court not shrouded and veiled up to the eyes, to screen her from the profane eyes of "Christian dogs," but hanging on the arm of her Ottoman Lord, and in a Court-dress not distinguishable from any other lady, though the Minister of course, appeared in his national costume. While this innovation is pleasant to contemplate, still as we know that Ottoman gentlemen are allowed four wives by law, the question arises, what is to be done with wives Nos. 2, 3, and 4, should a Turkish Ambassador bring all his four Ambassadresses to Court at once? Some such difficulty seems to have presented itself to the minds of the Court and diplomatic authorities, for the Princess Cullimaké was not presented with the form and ceremonies usual on the introduction of the wife of a foreign ambassador. The first symptom, however, of the emancipation of the fair sex of Turkey is too valuable to be discouraged by a reigning Queen, and there is no doubt means will be devised to smooth all difficulties